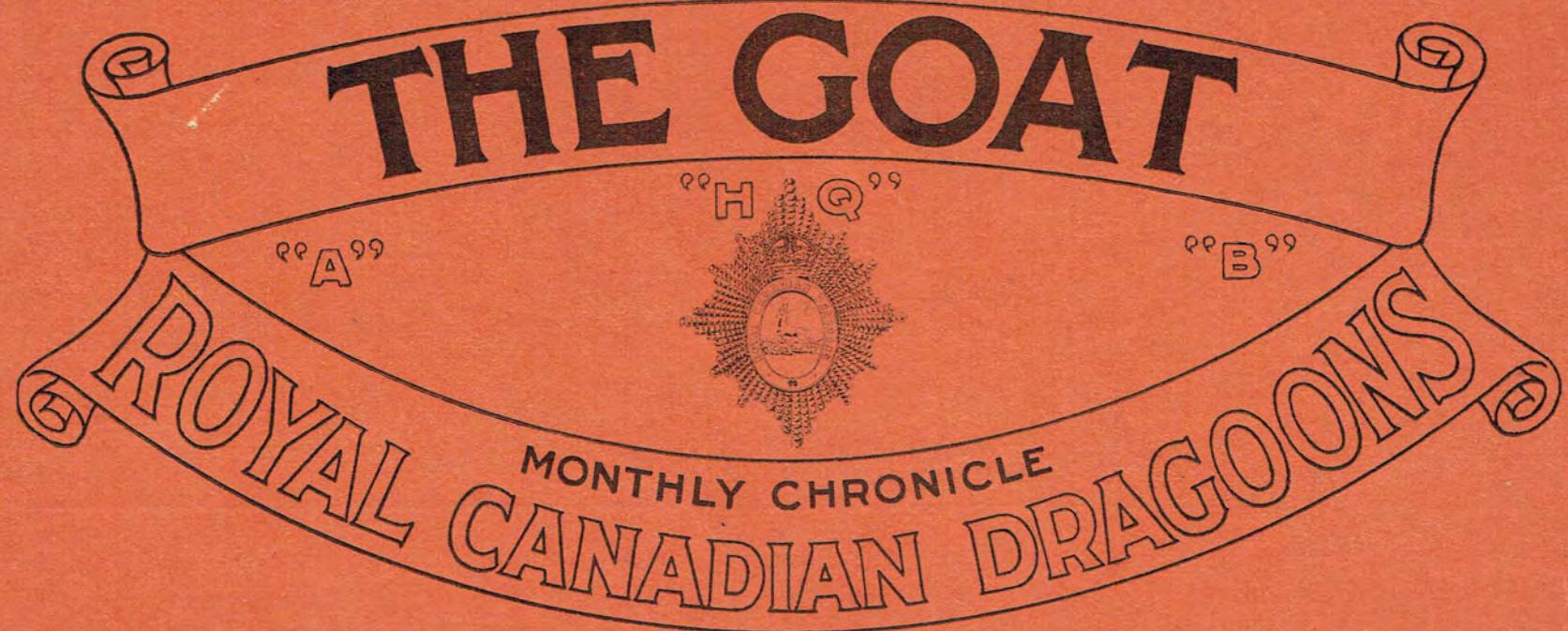


Vol. III.

No. 4

THE GOAT



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

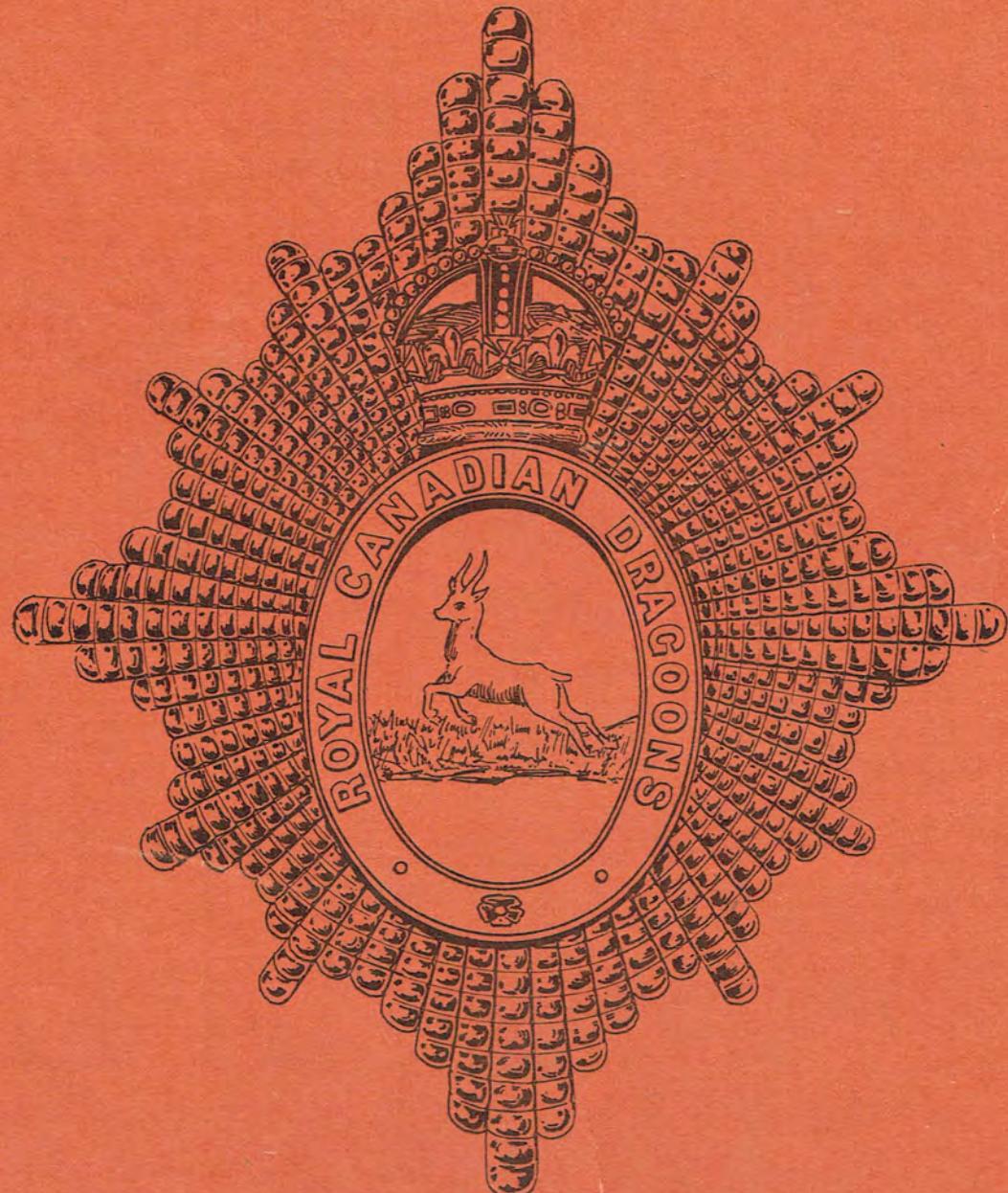
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With the Permission of Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.

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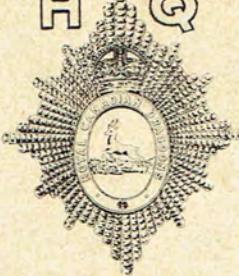
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EDITORIAL NOTE

Owing to the fact that the entire editorial staff were suddenly summoned to depart for duty in the area of the strike among the miners in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, it is quite impossible that

any editorial comment be made this issue. The Editor-in-Chief asks the indulgence of the readers of “The Goat,” and promises something good for the next issue.

Reminiscences of the South African War.

(By Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., Honorary Colonel, the Royal Canadian Dragoons.)

Few people know that when it was decided to send troops to South Africa for the Boer War, in November, 1899, the War Office had in the first instance specially requested that only infantry be sent, although mounted units had applied for permission to go.

A few months after the 1st Contingent, under Sir Wm. Otter, had left for the scene of action, the War Office officials changed their minds and accepted the offer from Canada for the sending of three mounted regiments.

Major-General Sir Edward Hutton, who was the General Officer Commanding Canadian Militia (a mounted infantryman at heart) immediately set to work and had the Royal Canadian Dragoons gazetted for service as the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles. The Regiment arrived at Cape Town on or about the 1st of April, 1900, and I, having preceded it on special service, met it in that city.

Having been acquainted of the fact that the regiment had lost its Royal Title, at least for the period of the war, I immediately made up my mind to send a cablegram direct to Her Majesty the Queen, protesting against such action having been taken and respectfully requesting that the Royal Title be given back to us, particularly at a time when the regiment was to fight and show its loyalty to Throne and Country.

I am pleased to state that I received almost immediately a reply that the Royal Title was to be returned to us and henceforth we would appear in orders, not as the 1st C.M.R., but as the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

A short time afterwards, General Hutton left Canada and proceeded to South Africa, there to command a brigade of mounted infantry into which the Royal Canadian Dragoons merged. Needless to say, my first meeting with my new G.O.C. was not very pleasant owing to the above circumstances, but it eventually wore off.

Another incident of interest is that the regiment, when proceeding to Africa, had to enlist a great many recruits to fill up to service establishment. Hence it had been decided that when it would reach Cape Town it was to be kept there for a few months' training. It happened, however, that I had a friend at Court in

the person of Major-General Herbert, who was then at the base. I managed to get my marching orders for the front three or four days after disembarkation.

A few weeks afterwards we found ourselves under fire at Brandfort, not far from Bloemfontein. We were then dismounted and the Brigade Major, Mac Micking, came to me with an order for us to mount and change our position. On giving the order to mount, a number of our recruits, who had their rifles loaded and full cocked, turned around to double to their horses, and they did this without unloading. As a consequence two or three of the rifles went off by accident, a bullet passing between my legs and those of Major MacMicking, who thought evidently that this was no place for him, for he galloped off to his C.O. and reported that the Royal Canadian Dragoons were too green to be kept at the front and should be sent back for further training. I was sent for, and there I had to take full responsibility for any accident which might occur, since I insisted upon remaining at the front. Needless to say that the men came up to what was expected of them, and soon gave proof that not only were they as well disciplined as any at the front, but also showed their metal on many occasions. I never had a doubt as to the outcome, and the regiment, on leaving South Africa, could boast of three Victoria Crosses awarded to three of its members, besides a number of other honours.

When the regiment entrained at Stellenbosch for the front, it did so in two parts. The first part "B" Squadron under Major (now Major-General) V. A. S. Williams, went off with the first train; the second part, under Major Wm. Forester, with Headquarters, went off with the second train. The regiment was composed of two squadrons, only 150 N.C.O.'s and men mounted each. There was the usual quota of dismounted men in addition to the above.

When I reached De-Aar, I learned through the station master that 'B' Squadron had been ordered on a separate expedition. I was not only surprised on learning this, but discouraged. Here I was, after three months of special service at the front, learning something of the war, and when I thought I had an opportunity to take command in the actual fighting zone it was denied me, as once one of my squadrons was gone I could not very well take away the command from Major Forester of the other squadron.

When we arrived at a station, the name of which I now cannot

remember, where we were given twenty minutes for watering and feeding the horses, I realized all of a sudden that I was face to face with Lord Kitchener. He seemed to have come from nowhere. I had met him on one or two occasions when I was carrying dispatches for General French to him, and among other things he asked me if I had anything to report. I boldly told him how disappointed I was on learning that one of my squadrons had been side-tracked, so to speak, when up to the present I had much appreciated being given the opportunity to command a regiment on active service, etc. Lord Kitchener listened to me attentively, and instead of, as I expected, being told that orders were orders and if there was necessity for that squadron to be detached from my command I ought to abide by the orders, he calmly gave instructions there and then to the Staff Officer who accompanied him that "B" Squadron was to be ordered back with the regiment, and right enough, when we moved further up the line, there was Major Williams with his squadron awaiting us. I remember so well how Major Williams then asked me what it was all about; first of all to be ordered to trek some twenty or thirty miles, and then for no reason at all that he could see, to be ordered back to rejoin his regiment. He much appreciated the situation when I explained it to him.

A horse trader was trying to sell a broken-winded horse to a prospective victim, trotting him up and down the road. "And hasn't he a fine coat?" said the trader enthusiastically, as he patted the animal's back.

"Oh, his coat's all right, but I don't like his short pants."

My War Diary.

(Continued)

Tuesday, Oct. 14th.

Very windy and rough, with high seas. Had lecture at 11.30 from Major Elmsley. Had to stay indoors all morning. Played tennis from rest of ship at cricket and won, 18-12. Played poker and won \$4.10.

Wednesday, Oct. 15th.

Cold and quite rough. Sighted land at 11.30 a.m. Met two torpedo boat destroyers at 12.00. Lines of cruisers drawn up across the channel. Arrived at Eddystone Light house at 2.15 p.m. Suddenly turned sharp right and went into Plymouth. Most wonderful sight to see people lined up on banks and piers cheering. Passed the "Victory," Nelson's old flagship, and many training ships decorated and lined with sailors. Arrived in Plymouth Harbour at 5 p.m. Thus ended our ocean voyage safely.

Thursday, Oct 16th.

Lying in Plymouth Harbour, no disembarkation orders yet. Saw the English papers which say we go to Bulford Camp. Wonderful harbour full of ships and warships. Message of welcome received from Lord Kitchener. "Will you please convey my greetings to splendid Canadian Contingent which has just reached these shores to take their share in the cause of the Mother Country. I am confident that they will play their part with gallantry and show by their soldierly bearing that they worthily represent the great Dominion from which they come.

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They may always be sure that I will do my best to forward their interest."—Kitchener.

Friday, Oct. 17th.

Remained on board anchored in mid-stream. The "Megantic" with the 16th Battalion docked at 11 a.m. Had our daily lectures and drills. Got papers and heard of the sinking of H.M.S. "Hawke." Lovely day, so took some photographs. Hear we are to disembark tomorrow.

Saturday, Oct. 18th.

Started to be towed in to dock at 8.30 a.m. Ship docked at 10.30, and shore leave granted. We are to go to Pond Farm, Salisbury Plains. Went on shore at 4 p.m. and into Plymouth. Bought some things and found we received a very enthusiastic welcome everywhere we went. Returned to ship and went on duty at 5.30 to unload horses from the "Lacona." She is a terrible ship, and they had a tough crossing in her. Had dinner on "Lacona," and we worked all night.

Sunday, Oct. 19th.

Left for station at 3.30 a.m., which was at Friary, and arrived at 4.30. Entrained for Amesbury at 5.30 a.m. Had cup of coffee at Exeter at 8 a.m., and marched to Pond Farm on Salisbury Plains a distance of 13½ miles. Arrived at 7 p.m. All our men have sore feet and horses are done out. Two horses were shot on the ship and we lost fifteen in all. Very bleak and cold place for a camp and the tents are very thin. Sharing a tent with Timmis.

Monday, Oct. 20th.

Got up at 8.30 and had breakfast. Horses are running the Mess and it is not very good. Got horses sorted out and found we are still four short. "Sheila" is very thin and stood the voyage badly. "Prairie Wolf" much better and is quite fat. No saddles have turned up for my troop to date, but may come in later. Horses were well groomed and look much better. Went into Devizes on a "bike" with LeBlanc and got a tow from a car, but fell off and hurt my hip. Had dinner and we drove home in a wagonette.

Tuesday, Oct. 21st.

Got up at 8.30 and found it dull and raining. Took horses out to graze for two hours. Bought bath and mess tin. The horses are getting much better but "Sheila" is

still poor. Timmis went to Plymouth to look for lost horses and saddlery. Ordered dresser and table from Harrod's. Got leave to go to London on Friday. Our messing is very poor.

Wednesday, Oct. 22nd.

Got up at 8.30 and was surprised to see it bright and warm. Started stables and had two hours good grooming. Ordered a new pair of slacks and breeches from Hawkes'. Had an address from General Alderson in the afternoon. He told us he had got the wet canteen back for the men, which was received with delight. Got some letters from England.

Thursday, Oct. 23rd.

Raining hard and very cold. Mess tent leaks and the mud in the lines is terrible. We shifted our horse lines twice but they are just a sea of mud. Could not do any outside work so wrote some letters.

Friday, Oct. 24th.

Still raining. Shifted horse lines once again over to a field where the standing was a bit harder. Had a dismounted parade at 3 p.m. Motor came for us at 4 p.m. and left for London from Salisbury at 6.30 p.m. Saw Fraser Dickson. Had dinner on train and arrived in town at 9 p.m. Young, Kraubenzie and Drury were in the party and we went to the Ritz Carlton. Young and I shared a room. Went to the Empire Theatre and was surprised to see Kathleen Clifford there. We all went to a supper club afterwards. London is very dark at night.

Saturday, Oct. 25th.

Got up at 9 a.m. and went out to do some shopping. Went to Hawkes' and spent most of the morning. Went to the bank and then had lunch with Drury and his sister, Lady Aiken. Dinner at the Ritz, and went to see a review at the Palace, which was very poor. Tried to arrange for the renting of a motor car.

Sunday, Oct. 26th.

Slept till 11 a.m. Went to see Cousin Willie and visited the Oriental Club with him. Had lunch at his house. Went to British Empire Club and found it very nice. Put Douglas up at it. Had tea at the Carlton with Kathleen and went to the Ritz for dinner. Went to a supper club in the evening and danced.

Monday, Oct. 27th.

Got up at 8.30 a.m. and saw two men about hiring a car. Finally got a Straker Squire. Went shopping all morning. Had lunch at the British Empire Club. More shopping in the afternoon and had dinner at the Ritz. Left for camp at 9 p.m. in the car. The roads were very good and there was a bright moon. Lost our way twice and did not get to camp until 5 a.m.

Regimental & Personal

(St. Johns)

Joined. Tprs. Bessette, A., and Lafaille, T., have been taken on the strength of "A" Squadron.

Discharged. Tprs. Wheeler, R., and Woods, J., have left us during the past month. We wish them every success.

Promotion. (Station Hospital) Pte. Baker, R.C.A.M.C., has been promoted to Corporal. Congrats.

Brigadier General C. M. Nelles has been awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal. Congratulations.

Q.M.S. Meuse has received the medal awarded for Long Service and Good Conduct. Congratulations.

(Toronto)

Major General F. L. Lessard, C.B., supped at the Mess on 23rd of May. Lt.-Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., paid a short visit to the station in the morning.

Lt. and Bt. Captain J. Wood, Q.M.S.I. Karcher and Sgt. Hallett are the R.C.D. representatives from Toronto to attend the Canadian Small Arms School this month.

The following members of the R.M.C. staff visited Stanley Barracks for the week-end of May 23rd: Major A. V. Tremaine, R.C.A., Captain R. L. Fritt, R.C.A., Staff Adjutant, Major J. Jeffrey, O.B.E., M.C., R.C.R., Captain F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., M.C., L.S.H.

Lieut.-Colonel Seeley Smith, Commanding The Royal Canadian Regiment, inspected "B" Co., R.C.R., at Stanley Barracks on May 26th.

Flight Lieutenant McKeown and

Flying Officers Trimm and Coghill, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, visited Stanley Barracks for the week-end of May 24th.

MARRIAGE

Drury—Farwell.

A pretty military wedding took place Wednesday, May 27th, at 7 o'clock in Plymouth Congregational Church, when Miss Dorothy Winn Farwell, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Farwell, was united in marriage to Captain Maurice Hazen Austin Drury, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. Johns, Que., son of the late Major Hazen Drury and Mrs. Drury, of Sherbrooke. Rev. Dr. G. Ellery Read, pastor of the church, officiated, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of guests, relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the colours of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, red, gold and blue, being effectively used, and large Union Jacks were prominently displayed. The front of the church was banked with ferns, red tulips, orange marigolds and baskets of gladioli, while clusters of tulips and marigolds, tied with dark blue ribbon, marked the pews reserved for the invited guests.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white chiffon, heavily embroidered in crystals of pastel shades. The long veil of white tulle was edged with a band of silver cloth, and fell from a coronet of rare old point lace, which was worn on the occasion of her great-grandmother's wedding. She wore silver slippers and carried a shower bouquet of roses, orchids and lilies of the valley. Her only ornament was a brooch, a regimental crest set in diamonds, the gift of the groom.

Miss Helen Foss, the bride's only attendant, was gowned in rose pink tulle, the bodice embroidered in pearl. She wore a hat of the same material as the dress, caught at one side with a large rose, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The groom was supported by Captain R. B. LeBlanc, R.C.D., and the ushers were Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C., R.C.D., and Captain N. M. Halkett, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.

Mr. Gault Parker presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register, Mrs. F. H. Bradley sang "I Never Knew," by Ernest R. Ball.

As the bride and groom left the church, four of the latter's brother officers, Major Nordheimer, Cap-

tain Halkett, Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Lieutenant L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., acting as a guard of honour, formed an arch of drawn swords.

Mrs. W. A. Farwell, mother of the bride was gowned in navy blue georgette embroidered in beige, with touches of red. She wore a brown hat with beige cock's feathers, and carried sweet peas.

Mrs. Drury, mother of the groom, wore a black beaded gown, with black hat and a black silk wrap.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The house was beautifully decorated, the same colours predominating as in the church.

Going away, the bride wore a gown of black faille, trimmed with red, and a close-fitting black hat with large red ornament.

Captain and Mrs. Drury will reside in St. Johns, Que.

"B" Sqdn Notes.

The Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College at the conclusion of the Assault-at-Arms on May 23rd, were entertained at a dance at Stanley Barracks by the Royal Military College Club. The Officer Commanding and Officers of Stanley Barracks had voted the use of the Mess for the occasion. The event was a great success. The grounds were tastefully brightened with electric lights, but owing to the adverse weather conditions the marqueses, in which supper was to have been served, could not be used, and supper was held in the Mess billiard room.

The following is a letter received from the Commandant of the Royal Military College:

Royal Military College,
Kingston, May 28th, 1925
Dear Walker Bell:—

Just a line to thank you heartily and through you all ranks concerned, for the generous hospitality extended to R.M.C. (officers and other ranks) by your fine regiment, nor can I refrain from congratulating you upon your splendid Musical Ride. The turn-out of men and horses and the balance of the latter reflect great credit upon all concerned, especially, I suspect, upon Major Tammis, D.S.O.

Again many thanks, with all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,
(sgd.) A. C. Macdonell,
Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Bell, D.S.O.,
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Evenings, Trinity 1617J.

Church Parade was held on the 24th of May. The parade was larger this year than last. The Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College added an unusual interest to the event and furnished a touch of colour particularly pleasing in contrast to the long line ofaki. H.Q. and "B" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, paraded 98 strong. The unit presented a very fine appearance. The large number of medals worn by all ranks was much commented upon by many of the great crowd which turned out to watch the parade.

"B" Squadron, R.C.D., furnished an escort for His Excellency the Governor General on Saturday, May 23rd, and Monday, the 25th, on the occasions of his state attendance at the Woodbine Races. The escort, which was under the command of Major Timmis, averaged over three service medals per member, and was highly complimented by His Excellency.

In connection with the above we publish the following extracts from "B" Squadron Orders of 26th of May:—

The following complimentary messages about the Musical Ride on the 22nd, Church Parade on the 24th, and Royal Escort on the 23rd and 25th are published for information:

Musical Ride

The Commanding Officer stated he considered the ride excellent, and wished his appreciation conveyed to all concerned.

The R.M.C. Commandant (Major General Sir A. Macdonnell, K.C.M.G.,) stated it was the best ride he had seen, and was particularly pleased with the paces, carriage and training of the horses. He commented very favourably on the condition of the horses at this time of the year.

The Hon. Colonel (Major General Lessard, C.B.) was greatly pleased with the ride, and commented very favourably on the riding and the paces, manners and carriage of the horses. The Master of the Toronto Hunt Club, (G. W. Beardmore, Esq.) wished to tell the ride that it was the best he had seen. The Toronto "Telegram" expressed similar praise.

Church Parade

The Commanding Officer wishes to convey to all ranks his appreciation of the turn-out and showing on parade. His Excellency the Governor General stated that the Regiment on parade were a great

credit and stood out very strongly. He commended the marching and bearing at the saluting point as most excellent.

Royal Escort

The Commanding Officer wished to convey his thanks and appreciation to all ranks concerned. He considered the steadiness, dressing and general appearance excellent.

His Excellency the Governor General stated that he considered the escort as good as any he had had, and spoke particularly about the riding and appearance and manners of the horses. After his inspection he stated, "The riding of the men, the manners and paces of the horses and the dressing has been all that could be desired. The turn-out is admirable. The horses are in good condition and both extremely well. The men are very steady and keep their paces very well. I am very pleased to have had such an escort, and thank you very much."

With regard to the recent Regimental Dinner, congratulatory letters have been received by the Commanding Officer from Generals Williams, Elmsley and MacBrien, all telling of how much they enjoyed the reunion, and commenting on the great success of the event; as General Elmsley said—"The dinner was a great success, most enjoyable, and furthermore not marred by anyone drinking well and not too wisely. The only unfortunate occurrence was one that affected me individually, i.e., I was called at a quarter to five instead of a quarter to six on Sunday morning—a horrible blow."

We may state that General Elmsley had asked to be called in order to catch an early train, —he was on time.

The Assault-at-Arms, staged at the Coliseum on May 22nd and 23rd, under the auspices of the Royal Military College Club of Canada, and the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, was a success from every point of view. The object for which the performance was held—to raise funds for the Memorial Arch at the Royal Military College—was achieved. The greater part of the display was presented by the Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College, and the large audiences were treated to an exhibition of smartness and agility that could not be improved upon. In addition to the drills, gymnastic and mounted events by the Cadets, the Queen's Own Rifles provided several items, including a tent pitching display and a tug-of-war. "B" Squadron,

Bytown Bits.

New Cavalry Training.—According to the daily papers, the escort furnished by "B" Squadron, R.C.D., to the Governor-General, on King's Plate day, was wonderfully turned out. A Montreal paper said a platoon of Dragoons, and one of the Toronto sheets told of the scarlet clad troopers riding with their carbines at the slope. How about this, Timmy?

Dinner Party at Club.—The officers of the Lanark and Renfrew Regiment held their annual dinner at the Chaudiere Golf Club recently. The chair was taken by Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Hope, D.S.O., M.C., and the guests included Major-General J. H. MacBrien and Major-General Panet. About 40 were present.

Spring Training.—All units of the Ottawa garrison are busy now and every evening is taken up with parades of one unit or another. The 38th Royal Ottawa Regiment will journey to Perth for the Old Boys reunion on Dominion Day, and the Hull Regiment will go to Montreal for Labor Day.

Cavalry Camp.—The P.L.D.G. will train for nine days at Connaught Ranges, starting July 7th.

Agnes Kicks Up.—Miss Agnes MacPhail, M.P., cannot see why a wharf is needed at the Royal Military College. She objected very strongly to the item of \$75,000 being voted for that purpose. Some lad of the village ought to take the lady firmly and gently and shove her off the wharf. Perhaps that squire of dames, Dook Sawers will look after that end of it on his next visit to our midst.

Laid to Rest.—The funeral of

Royal Canadian Dragoons, furnished a Musical Ride and a team for the Balaclava Melee. The ride was exceptionally well put on and many new figures were used. In the melee the R.C.D. team easily defeated the teams from the Governor General's Body Guard and the Mississauga Horse. In the Horse Show events Captain Berteau on "Dick," and Lieut. Chadwick on "Subaltern" were first and third respectively in the Officers' Jumping Competition, and in the "Touch and Out" R.Q.M.S. Lynn, R.C.A.V.C, riding Captain Berteau's entry, "Dick," was first, and Lieut. Chadwick was third on Subaltern.

the late Major-General Sir Edward Morrison, formerly Artillery Corp Commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, which was held on May 30th, was one of the largest ever seen in Ottawa. All units of the Ottawa garrison turned out in full strength, and in addition were the South African veterans and veterans of the Great War. The route from the residence to the church and from St. Andrew's to Beechwood, although over five miles long, was thronged with citizens who silently lined the streets to pay homage to one who had been a fellow citizen for over 30 years and who was beloved of them all. The service at the church was taken by Colonel the Rev. A. M. Gordon, D.S.O., of Montreal, and at the cemetery by Major the Rev. Charles Hepburn, M.C., rector of All Saints. As the cortege left the church the 1st Battery, C.F.A., fired a salute of 13 guns on Cartier Square, and as the body was lowered into the grave at Beechwood the 2nd Battery, C.F.A., fired a similar salute outside the cemetery. The military end of the ceremony was under the immediate direction of Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., Commandant of the Canadian Small Arms School. The procession was over a mile in length and took twelve minutes to pass a given spot while at a quick march.

The pallbearers were Major-General Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major General Hon. A.H. Macdonell, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major General Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Brigadier General W.O.H. Dodds, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brigadier General C. H. MacLaren, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brigadier General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brig.-General C. F. Winter, R.O.

A full military parade representative of all Ottawa units included the following in the order given: Princess Louise Dragoons; 1st and 2nd Batteries, C.F.A.; 3rd Field Company, Canadian Engineers; No. 16 Signal Company, Canadian Corps of Signallers; Le Regiment de Hull; Permanent Force detachment, representing all arms; No. 2 Company, 4th Battalion, Canadian Machine Gun Corps; No. 1 Company, 1st Divisional Train, Canadian Army Service Corps; 23rd Field Ambulance Canadian Army Medical Corps; No. 2 Stationary Hospital, C.A.M.C., and large body of detached officers all in uniform; a company of LaSalle Cadets, a detachment of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves, and a large company of

veterans of the South African and Great Wars.

The gun carriage was hosed from the R.C.M. Police stables, and the horses were ridden by 1st Brigade officers, Major W. D. H. MacMahon being in charge of the gun.

Cadets Inspected.—On Parliament Hill on May 29th, his Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario inspected 900 cadets of the High and Technical Schools of Ottawa. The inspecting staff included the Hon. E. M. Macdonald, Major-General J. H. MacBrien, Major-General J. H. Elmsley and Colonel S. H. Hill, Director of Cadet Training. A large crowd witnessed the turn-out.

Held Smoker.—The Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants Association held a very enjoyable smoking concert on the evening of the 2nd instant in the Sergeants' Mess of the P.L.D.G. A large number were present and the refreshments were passed on as being present and correct. Through the kindness of Lieut. Colonel W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., several new War Office films were shown. One that was of particular interest showed an infantry attack supported by pack artillery and tanks. A musical programme followed, and at midnight the health of His Majesty the King was drunk.

King's Birthday.—The birthday of His Majesty the King was fittingly celebrated in Ottawa. At high noon the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., under command of Captain H. R. Dale-Harris, fired a royal salute of 21 guns on Cartier Square, and in the afternoon His Excellency the Governor General entertained at a garden party at Rideau Hall, at which over 1000 guests were present. The band of the R.C.H.A., under Captain A. Light, furnished the music at the garden party.

Dangerous Sport.—A Montreal paper says:—Form went by the board in the opening event at Connaught Park on June 6th, and the unlucky 13 also had its way. Two horses out of the thirteen entries went down coming into the stretch and their jockeys were carried off, one of which had to be destroyed. This is, I think, the first case in which it was necessary to shoot a jockey.

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Dear Major Nordheimer:—

I am afraid I am rather late in sending my yearly subscription for "The Goat." I hope you will forgive me when I say I did not like to send a postal order with merely a short word. On the contrary there are a few things I wanted to write, if only to show the great interest I still take in your magazine and all that reminds me of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

First of all I must congratulate you on the extension given to "The Goat." Can a goat be extended? Excuse my bad English—I ought to say, I congratulate you on the promotion to a regimental paper.

Next thing I wanted to say is about the list of the Canadian V.C.'s which appeared in the January number. I bowed to the names of Harvey and Strachan, whom I well remember, but I was surprised not to find the name of Flowerdew amongst them. Perhaps I am badly mistaken, but I thought the poor lad was given a V.C. for his gallantry at Bois de Moreuil.

I was in Cairo last month when I had the pleasure of meeting Geoffrey Brooke. Needless to say how we revived all sort of remembrances about 1916-17-18. It was a treat to find somebody to talk about, "Jack Seeley," and mention all the names I have the pleasure of finding in "The Goat," such as Bowie, Caldwell, Drury, Cochrane, let alone many others whom it is too sad to record.

I met last week a fellow in the 7th D.G. on his way home from India, who, of course, knew a lot of the 5th Cavalry Division, and I got lately a friendly message from Munnings.

You see I am always glad of hearing about the old times, and "The Goat," in that way, gives me a pleasure which I thoroughly appreciate.

I had a very long and interesting letter from Buzz Benson, and I am sorry that the R.C.H.A. did not start a paper on the same line as the R.C.D.

With kind regards to all who remember me, I remain, dear Major Nordheimer,

Very sincerely yours,

Hitchykoo.
Ismailia, April 4th, 1925.

We award the prize for bow-leggedness to the recruit who, upon mounting his horse, found that he had both feet in the wrong stirrups.

The following cutting from the Toronto "Evening Telegram," published sometime during May, 1915, will doubtless interest a number of our readers:

MOUNTED BRIGADE HAS LEFT FOR FRONT.

"Hurrah! Leaving!"

This brief but vital cablegram received this morning by Miss Nora Starr, daughter of the late Commissioner Starr, records the departure from England for the firing line of the Strathcona Horse. The officer who sent the message had, by letter, promised to send word only when "marching orders" had been definitely received. The cable had been delayed in transmission.

There is, therefore, no reason to doubt that Canada's first mounted brigade is now actually well on the way to take an active part in the big struggle in Flanders. The brigade includes the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the King Edward's Horse (a regiment of colonials recruited in England) and the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. The brigade is commanded by Brig.-Gen. Seeley, D.S.O.

The Dragoons and the Strathcona Horse each have a war establishment of 549 men, inclusive of 26 officers. The Dragoons include the officers and men of the permanent corps who were quartered in Toronto.

The following are the names of the headquarters' officers and of the men composing the local squadron: Lt.-Col. C. M. Nelles, Major D. D. Young, Captain W. R. Kingsford, Capt. W. H. Bell, Capt. F. Gilman, Lieut. E. A. Hetherington, Lieut. R. S. Timmis, Reg.-Sgt.-Major Q. Leblond, Sgt.-Major Artifer J. Patton, Squadron Qmtr.-Sgt. G. Dore, Squadron Sgt.-Major T. A. James, Staff-Sergt. P. Colmay, Sergts. J. Mathews, C. Cox, C. Smith, G. Hopkinson, F. Ackerman, W. Ellis, J. Travers, C. Kelly, and A. Beaton; Corporals G. Pritchard, J. Copeland, G. Anstee, H. Spent, A. Madden, H. Blair, S. Norman and C. Martin; Lance-Corporals G. Mayman, F. Melville, G. Atkins and J. Carr; Trumpeters A. Smith and H. Hamilton; Privates W. Anderson, C. Armstrong, R. Bates, T. Bowman, E. J. Brown, R. Darker, A. Butler, R. Bowes, L. Barge, J. Brown, C. Banbury, E. Courtney, G. Dads-well, A. Dasey, J. Dawe, A. Evans, J. Easthorpe, J. Gordon, G. Gill, P. Griffin, E. Hare, H. Henry, C. Hatton, F. Higgins, A. Hilton, B. Hopkins, A. Hazel, J. Hallett, E. King, F. King, J. King, W. London, R. Manners, A. Murray, J.

Recollections of the German Retreat in 1917.

The first cavalry action in which the regiment took part was following up the retirement of the Germans to the Hindenburg Line in March, 1917. The withdrawal from the existing line was so well carried out that the actual retirement came as a surprise and was effected with comparatively little molestation.

March 18th saw the regiment in billets near the sea, with Regimental Headquarters "A" and "B" Squadrons at Bourseville, and "C" Squadron about three kilometres away. Lt.-Col. Gilman and Lt.-Col. McMillan, who were with the Canadian Corps, paid us a visit that day and were entertained at Regimental Headquarters till the small hours of the morning.

At five o'clock on Monday, 18th March, orders were received for the regiment to move at 12.15 in full marching order. New Hotchkiss equipment had just been received in stores and there was no one who had seen it assembled and to make matters worse, straps, carriers, etc., were all packed in bags without any indication as to what they were for. As a result, confusion reigned, and the regiment finally moved off, leaving the Hotchkiss packs to follow.

At 3 p.m. the Hotchkiss packs were assembled and ready to go on, though the manner in which the various straps were used was quite unorthodox, and would have brought tears to the eyes of anyone familiar with their proper usage. Straps for which no place could be found were discarded, and it was some months afterwards before all the deficiencies were made up and the packs properly adjusted. Our first move was made in pouring rain to Ligney, some twenty kilometres away, where we rejoined the regiment.

On March 20th the regiment left Ligney and marched to Blangy,

Mackinnon, H. Manning, W. Millward, A. Norris, W. O. Regan, R. Probert, R. Parker, R. Preece, L. Price, F. Powell, F. Ryder, E. Reeve, C. Reid, J. Robinson, C. Robinson, A. Salter, A. Sprately, R. Stewart, G. Simpkins, A. Stone, C. Sayger, G. Sharp, F. Sharp, A. Smith, W. Tamlyn, C. Theobald, D. Walters, G. Webb, R. West, R. Watson, R. White, G. Pybus, E. Ewart, J. Dempsey and S. Fetterby.

thirty kilometres away, where we were in bivouac till the next day. News was received that Peronne and Ham had been taken and that we had advanced fifteen kilometres on a sixty kilometre front. The weather was very cold and rainy, and both horses and men were very tired. On March 21st we left Blangy at 8 a.m., in a blinding snow storm, and marched till 2 p.m., when we reached a field near Cerisy, where we occupied some French huts. Water was very scarce and the cold intense. The following morning we moved at 8.30 a.m. to bivouac some twenty-five kilometres away. On March 23rd we left our bivouac at 5 a.m. and passed through Blanche and Dompierre, passed Peronne, a distance of six kilometres into the recently evacuated territory. Some corps cavalry we encountered gave us some very useful information about the German tactics, and we felt we were in for some real Cavalry work at last. We slept in the open that night with the temperature well below freezing and never was the rum ration more welcome.

On March 24th we took over from the Corps Cavalry and moved up to a position just behind our advanced infantry posts. Patrols

were sent out and touch was established with enemy cavalry patrols. Regimental headquarters were established in some old cement works which had the advantage of a large fire place. At 2 o'clock March 25th word was received at regimental headquarters from "A" Squadron that Lieut. Cochran and his troop had occupied Tincourt Wood, a spot which had defied capture for days. Brigade was notified, but General Seely was not very optimistic over the accuracy of the statement, and so Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzie, the C.O., decided to verify the information, and, as regimental intelligence officer, I accompanied him.

At "A" Squadron headquarters Major Bowie joined us, and our little party rode forward to the edge of the wood. I think that the C.O. himself was a bit sceptical regarding the wood having been taken, but when we rode through it and were met by Lieut. Cochran, all doubts vanished, and we realized that the regiment had scored its first point in mounted warfare.

From Tincourt Wood we looked down on Longevine, still in German hands, and we could see Uhlan patrols moving here and there below us. A lance and pennant

had been captured by a patrol from "A" Squadron and was lent to the Brigadier, but we never got it back. A Hun plane made things uncomfortable for a few minutes but we all got safely back to a very welcome meal. On March 26th orders were received to assist the infantry, who were to carry out an attack on a ridge overlooking Villers-Faucon at daybreak. I rode eight kilometres at 1 a.m. to the 143rd Brigade for information as to their plans, but received very little detail. I reached our headquarters at 3 a.m., and went up to our advanced report centre to await the attack. At 7 a.m. the Infantry Commander decided not to attack, and the Colonel rode over to the 143rd Brigade to see what they intended to do. Plans were in preparation for an attack on Longevine in which we were to co-operate, but on our return a message came from Major Timmis, who commanded "B" Squadron, to the effect that he had taken the village with his Squadron at 10 a.m.

The news was duly relayed to Brigade, and in due course a wire was received from General MacAndrew, the Divisional Commander, congratulating the regiment on

its good work. That night a rather amusing incident occurred. The weather had been very cold and rainy, and a large log fire was lit in our fire place regimental headquarters. At midnight quite a lot of shelling took place and as several seemed to burst too close to the building for comfort, the C.O. ordered the fire extinguished and all lights put out. In spite of this the shelling got worse, and it seemed that "Fritz" had made up his mind to shell us out of house and home. During a temporary lull I went out to get a drink from the well in front of the building and, much to my amazement, discovered that the regimental signallers had occupied a loft over our heads, from which a blaze of light was streaming and a fire burning merrily in the grate. The windows, which were uncovered, faced the German lines, and, quite unconscious of having in any way caused the uproar of hate from the Hun gunners, the signallers were having a very jolly party. Needless to say, it ceased abruptly, as did the shelling, but the C.O. never knew that he was sitting in darkness and cold while his signallers were warm and comfortable over his head.

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At 6 a.m. on March 27th, "C" Squadron, under Capt. Newcomen, took Liermont, and a troop from "B" Squadron, under Lieut. Evan Price, charged some Germans, while assisting the postponed infantry attack on the ridge and captured nine prisoners. In the meantime "A" Squadron had taken two more woods on the right and things were going very well. On my way back to headquarters to report, I and my horse holder had a narrow escape from being captured by a German patrol, which we mistook for some of our own people. My horse got caught in some wire, and had it not been for the fact that Sampson had a pair of wire cutters with him, my war experience would have ended then and there. On reaching headquarters I was immediately sent out again by Colonel Straubenzie to tell the squadrons to rendezvous immediately behind the ridge for an attack the Brigade was to carry out on Saulcourt and Guyencourt.

The Ambala Brigade on our right had taken Villers-Faucon and our two objectives were captured with slight casualties. The regiment spent the night in the open waiting to be relieved by the infantry, and it was the coldest I think we spent during the whole war. We returned at 5 a.m. to the reserve line. The next day was spent in cleaning up and rest, and General Seely rode over to congratulate the Colonel for the good work of the Unit during the operations. Our total casualties were Lt. Arnoldi, wounded, and twenty-five other ranks, with thirty-five horses.

On March 29th we moved back to a rest camp fifteen kilometres in rear where the horses and men were under cover and quite comfortable after what we had been accustomed to since we left Bourseville. The Huns had reached their main line of resistance and cavalry operations were over for the time, but the regiment had acquitted itself in a manner worthy of its traditions and everyone was happy.

The two workmen had never seen golf played before, and they stood and watched the stout and unskillful player trying to get a ball out of a bunker. The sand flew up but the ball remained. After seven desperate shots the player paused for breath before trying again. This time the ball was lobbed up, dropped on the green, and, rolling gently to the pin, settled in the hole.

"By gum, Bill," said one of the workmen to the other, "he's got a devil of a job on now."

Some Pre-War Horses

Through lack of information the horses dealt with here are not a regimental selection. Perhaps some can come forward and detail the qualities of horses like Bill Bailey and others who helped fill the conversation of "A" Squadron prior to the Great War. Certain it is that many of these horses were interesting studies. They were friends; some clever, some queer, some stupid, some affectionate. They shared our work and sometimes our play, and were doubly likeable because so dependent on their soldier friends.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, was the permanent address of the subjects of this sketch. Stanley Barracks of pre-war days had a fuller skirt than she wears now; to the East and North a common of several acres afforded exercising grounds and some grazing. Loose horses were generally to be seen running at large. Oldest among these and undoubtedly chief of the herd was Old Paddy. Old Paddy was a chestnut, beloved of General Otter, and, be it said, of everyone who knew him; his intrinsic worth was negligible; sentimentally he was historic and very valuable.

Paddy was a chestnut with long flowing tail and mane, both generally filled with burrs. He wore no shoes and his toes turned up in front like a Dutchman's wooden shoes. On grand occasions Paddy was groomed and equipped. At these times he attracted much attention and seemed almost as proud of the South African medal he wore on his breastplate as were his human friends. For Paddy had been General Otter's charger in South Africa. If old soldiers were aloof and domineering with young soldiers and recruits, for the latter's good (and they were) then surely Paddy might boss those horses without medals, and he did. Young and strong horses at pasture were tyrannized by this old timer, and, sad to relate, were led by him into mischief. Sad to relate, also, this likeable old renegade generally evaded the consequences of his guilt. Perhaps there is a moral in this. Paddy was on hand to see his friends away in 1914. Who knows with what old comrades he now consorts and what old yarns and tall stories he swaps?

Dandy, in these days B1, was always a likeable chap, broad between the eyes, deep of jaw, and intelligent, attractive, capable, and well behaved, destined to become the friend of His Excellency the Duke of Connaught, and to walk in high places. Dandy looked his

part. He knew the tanbark ring; Madison Square was more than a name to him. He may still think of the old days, but he is more fortunate than some, for he is still with his old friends. He came to the regiment in 1906 at the age of four, and is still playful.

Chummy B53 was a chubby rascal. He never rose from the ranks. In earlier days it was the custom to wear white head ropes when parading outside of barracks. Chummy was aware of this and invariably went lame at the sight of a white headrope. Chummy and Sgt. Tamlyn were very fast friends.

Wooden-head B 13. This is a horse of a different colour. Bay, to be precise. An amiable creature but as stupid as could possibly be. He never had more than one idea, but had it bad. This horse made up his mind to do things and did them. No matter if they were wrong things, as they invariably were, he did them, calmly, slowly, but quite inevitably. To see him quietly walking or trotting to the watertrough with three or four men hanging on to his halter rope as they were dragged unwillingly through a squadron parade was to learn a lesson in quiet determination.

Springbok, B36, beloved of Sgt. Hopkinson, and at one time ridden by General MacBrien, was an angular creature of uncertain temper with a remarkable blaze. Springbok on occasion would put up very good performances in the ring, but was uncertain to a marked degree. He would oftentimes bolt from the ranks. He was withal very likeable.

Dreadnaught was a western horse, as were many of our older horses of this time. He was a phenomenal performer for a horse of his antecedents. A beautiful golden chestnut, he was at once the pride of the late Lt.-Col. C. T. Van Straubenzie, and of the squadron. A very spectacular jumper, he was highly nervous and highly strung. This with his unusual colour made him very popular. He served with his master in France.

The Rat, B34. A most unusual little horse, a chunky cob. This horse was ridden by Viscount French during his Canadian tour of 1910. The Rat was good for more than a day's work any and every day. Placid in temperament, he took a keen delight in playing tricks on attached officers and N.C.O.'s and on recruits. He was fed far more sugar than was good for him. Cpl. Simkin had him for a long time.

Brownie, B32. This horse probably brought more attached and recruits to grief than any horse

we ever had. He took a malicious delight in spilling or frightening timid or inexperienced riders. He was most successful in these endeavours and often returned to stables alone. With the inexperienced he was a confirmed rearer. He seldom reared with a good rider unless very angry, and even then would stop when bested. He was of uncertain temper.

Bob, B41. A fine roman-nosed light chestnut horse. He was destroyed in France on account of old age, and to prevent his falling into the hands of unsympathetic masters. A horse with a decided temper, but a worker. Hard to keep clean. Jogged with even the most capable riders. Was ridden by Major Kingsford. Liked by everyone, why, it would be hard to say. He had some qualities that seemed to defy analysis.

Snooks, B47. An unusual horse, remarkable chiefly for the rodeo that he and Major Hethrington put on on a very narrow ledge between the steep bank of the Niagara River and the almost equally steep though shallower railway cutting alongside. The horse's back became tickled by a numnah strap, and the resultant bucking exhibition, commenced on the narrow ridge, was carried on down the sides of the railway cutting.

Prince, B50. Did his work in a quiet workmanlike manner. Was always ready when called upon; never sulked, always performed to the best of his ability; had no whims. Could jump and did. Kind and gentle. A most likeable horse.

Kitty, B54. A really affectionate horse. Nondescript otherwise. She would follow her master around like a dog, and seemed as faithful. A most attractive animal. Her thin and silky coat, which caused her to shiver in cold weather, was a joy to her riders. No effort to keep this fastidious little mare clean. A wonderfully nice little fawn-coloured mare.

B65, Name unknown. Sgt. Matheus was wrapped up in this dainty and speedy little mare. She was well bred and was a half sister to the well-remembered mare Shiela, that Major Nordheimer took to France. Both these mares were very attractive.

Mac, B72. A horse of extraordinary intelligence, and a wonderful horse to work with. Would learn anything. This horse and S.M.I. Wardell were very great friends.

Other well-known horses were B65, Mahomat, lauded by "Jock Dalziel," and B41, Queenie; this latter horse was the only horse taken from Canada by the regiment. She was a striking-looking

horse, chestnut, with four white socks, and of a delightful disposition.

Major Timmis still has a mare owned by him prior to the war. Demi-Strome knew the Stanley Barracks of pre-war days as well as the present one.

No mention of R.C.D. horses would be complete without a reference to General Lessard, C.B., our Honourary Colonel. General Lessard, who had the faculty of seeing clearly what a rough horse would turn out to be, was always interested in our horses and bought many of them.

Horses are as different as men from each other. It is not the province of this articcle to preach, nevertheless, it is worth pointing out once more that the study of the individuality of horses is most interesting. This article does not prove the point—that is the fault of the article, not of the material.

If these words serve to recall some old friends to their readers they will have done their part. The subjects are a pleasant part of the writer's stock of memories.

—T. A. JAMES

One of the best of many good legal stories told by Professor J. A. Strahan concerns a certain counsel who, at the conclusion of his speech, said in a low, deep and most impressive tone of voice:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the Scriptures tell us that Pontius Pilate wrote on the outer wall of the mighty Nineveh these terrible and tragic words: 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' which being interpreted mean—"

"The Scriptures," the judge snapped angrily, "do not tell us that Pontius Pilate wrote any such words on any wall anywhere."

Counsel stared at the judge for a few moments in amazement. Then, recovering himself, he replied with great dignity: "My Lord, the Scriptures certainly tell us that somebody wrote these words on a wall somewhere; and whoever the writer and wherever the wall, the principle is the same."

A young man had a splendid collection of East African trophies and among them a fine buffalo head. "How did you get that?" said a girl, who had come to inspect them. "Was he very savage?"

"I had a deuce of a time with that one," replied the hunter. "I never had such a morning in my life. I shot it in my pyjamas."

"Good heavens," murmured the sweet young thing, "how did it get there?"

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CANADA, GREATEST OF PACIFIST NATIONS, SEEKS INDIFFERENT TO THINGS MILITARY

Until to-day, the world had never seen a great nation with flourishing seaports on two oceans, with ships carrying her merchant flag on the seven seas, and three thousand miles of frontier, unarmed and unprotected. It simply never happened in history.

Canadians are like no other people in the world. We are an Atlantic power, and Pacific power. To the east is Europe carrying more bombs and side arms than in 1913, and to the west is the perennial yellow menace. In the republic to the south last year the government of United States put on a "Defense Day" and 16,000,000 Americans showed their interest in the affairs of arms by taking part. Even the South American republics have a total of 185,000 men under arms to-day. In the midst of all this Canadians go about the business of earning their daily bread with general indifference to things military. It seems to be the accepted principle that it costs too much to have soldiers cluttering up the countryside. May be it is healthy.

We are a queer lot in Canada. Seven years ago we had an army of shock troops the equal of any fighting men in the world. Today we have about 3,000 men in uniform and no one is interested in soldiering. If there was any interest in it in Canada, it would have been capitalized by politicians and made a political issue long ago.

Next to tax collecting soldiering is the most thankless job in Canada. It takes genuine courage to hold his majesty's commission in the dominion in these piping times of peace—perhaps more courage than it did in the big bass drum days of Armageddon.

Veterans of the C. E. F., for the most part brand any man who would join the army in times of peace as several kinds of a lunatic at large. The soldier is looked at askance as the most insignificant of civil servants, a sort of economic liability who must be tolerated for the sake of old times. The permanent force is always the first to feel the knife of parliamentary economy which slices away methodically every year until infantry officers find they have only a few barracks sweepers to command and cavalrymen find nothing to ride in their riding schools.

Yet working quietly at their jobs every day are a group of men who are making the most of the

money appropriations for national defense to maintain the military defenses of this country. There are no grand manoeuvres every year in Canada. There are no great glittering reviews. But the Canadian headquarters staff of the Department of National Defense—men who would be a credit to the Imperial war office—are from day to day working at the defense problems of Canada.

League of Nation's Opinion.

In the lobbies of the League of Nations building at Geneva last year the younger men of the secretariats used to gather and talk informally. Conversations invariably turned to disarmament, and the Canadians always interjected Well when you chaps get down to our basis of disarmament we'll begin to talk with you." But there was usually someone present who gently ruined the effect of the statement with a reminder that the British navy and the Monroe Doctrine made an ever-present row of bayonets around Canada, and that the unarmed condition of the dominion was largely a matter of dollars and cents. It never failed to leave the Canadians without a "come back", and in their hearts they knew that their countrymen were more indifferent to armaments than any politically influential people in the world.

By statute the enrolment in the Canadian Permanent Force is limited to 437 officers and 6,000 men. Actually the present strength is 413 officers and 3,085 men. The maintenance is of course in the hands of parliament. In 1924 when United States demonstrated its war resources on Defense Day, Canada reduced her estimates for national defense by \$1,000,000.

So, with half the authorized strength, Canada's professionals carry on. Pacifists say "Well done, an example to the world!" while militarists say "A horrible example of unpreparedness." Certainly it never happened before. No country claiming equality of nationhood with any nation on earth and about to send an ambassador to a foreign capital ever stood in the international arena with a few mine sweepers and about one battalion of infantry to back its claims.

Denmark not long ago announced that she was about to disarm and the world was amazed. Denmark's disarmament constituted a reduction of an army of 11,000 to a civil police force of about 6,000. Canada has done better (or worse) than that. Canada, with a score of lakes that could absorb Den-

mark, could parade the army, the navy, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and still go recruiting for enough to equal the 6,000 of "disarmed" Denmark.

South American republics have made much good fiction with their supposedly musical comedy armies made up mostly of generals. But Chile with an army of 21,000 German-trained troops constantly under arms and the Argentine with a regular army of 18,000, assume the proportions of world powers. Brazil, with compulsory military training, has 42,000 men carrying arms, and Mexico, with a more stable government than she has had for 30 years keeps 65,000 active soldiers.

A few other examples of armed power are interesting: Japan 16,000 officers and 216,000 other ranks; Russia (army and navy) 562,000; United States, army, 1,080 officers, 14,600 men. New Zealand has compulsory cadet training for all men between the ages of 12 and 25. South Africa requires men between 21 and 25 to belong to a rifle association and learn to use firearms; Australia, with compulsory military training of a senior cadet nature maintains nearly 6,000 active troops and a sea-going naval reserve of 8,000.

Cost of Canadian Army

Analyzed, the condition of the Canadian permanent force is as follows. The figures speak for themselves and offer good arguments for pacifists and militarists. The Royal Canadian Dragoons consists of 17 officers and 242 men and the net expenditure for the regiment was \$64,814 during the fiscal year ended last March (a trifle less in the cost of upkeep than Mr. Coolidge's White House policeman). Lord Strathcona's Horse maintains 16 officers and 183 men at a cost of \$64,317. The Royal Canadian Artillery kept 56 officers and 617 men at a cost of \$203,970. The three infantry regiments were: The Royal Canadian Regiment, 404 of all ranks \$104,631; Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, 269 of all ranks, \$93,301; Royal 22nd. Regiment (French-Canadian), 189 of all ranks, \$43,396.

The Royal Military College at Kingston cost \$338,396 in the last fiscal year. The attendance for the year was 165, and as well as the regular studies for cadets, the college carried on staff courses for officers of the permanent and non-permanent militia.

On cadet service \$450,000 was spent in 1923-24, which was the largest amount expended on this work since before the war. The



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estimates for cadet work for 1925 have been reduced to \$400,000. The total number of enrolled cadets was 110,000 for the year ending last March.

That is where Canada stands in military matters. The headquarters staff is concentrating its efforts on the maintenance of a training service. Consequently nearly a full quota (under the statue) of officers is maintained. The theory is that the officers will constitute a training staff for the non-permanent militia and a skeleton organization for a fighting force in times of emergency. It is tough work. Officers without men to command must have hearts in their work to carry on.

Canada has war plans. There are two complete combat schemes filed in the National Defense department. One is to meet emergencies of home defense the other is to place an expeditionary force abroad in the event of Canada responding to an empire call. They don't talk much about them at headquarters but they think a lot about those plans and they don't tell the world their thoughts. Headquarters bets on the militia. In the long run they count on the all-round citizen soldier of Canada to do the big fighting jobs, and they tell you without boasting that there is no finer militia material in the world than Canada. Present strength of non-permanent militia is, on paper, 140,000. The figure is not to be taken literally. It is extremely optimistic but headquarters continues to carry the names of authorized militia units which are barely breathing rather than let even the slimmest organization be lost.

So, at Ottawa with sincerity and that devotion to duty which has always characterized their profession, a small group of highly trained officers works thoroughly on iron rations. To these men the St. Lawrence River development, the Hudson Bay Railway, obscure harbours on the British Columbia coast, and the sand dunes of Sable Island have a significance unknown to civilians.

Meanwhile the world wonders in Canada the pacifist vision coming true, or is she indifferent to the rattling sabres of the world?

(Toronto Weekly Star.)

An Irish sergeant was drilling two recruits, who could not be prevailed upon to keep in step. Losing all patience, he shouted: "If I knew which one of ye two spalbeens was out of step I'd put him straight in the guard-room."

En Avant, Les Enfants Perdus.

A TALE OF THE HILLS IN INDIA.

"Peace in the utmost border, and strength on a road untold,
These are dealt or diminished at the
secret will of God."

(Continued from last issue)

"Then, of a truth, did each man know that if escape came not to us through the darkness, no hope was there for any—better for some to die than all to be scuppered—so, lying on our bellies as we were, a plan was made and word passed from mouth to mouth. 'The door is weak and can be burst through with ease; four of ye, Din Shah, Janas, Akal Mir and Shingri, rise together, push out the door, then taking post on the western side of the house, open a rapid fire in the mud wall direction to the south side on the path by which we came to the mosque. Of a surety, this will cause the soldiers to fire in that direction and off the hut, and the fire will be uncertain against ye four, so shall ye escape. For the remainder of us a way will thus be opened, and, as soon as the fire is opened will we make in a body, straight, as fast as legs will carry us, to the point already fired on where the soldiers bar the way with their bayonets; and do ye four then follow in our wake, or choose your own road, as seemeth best.'

"A hopeless plan it appeared, but the best that could be devised, and, desperate as we were, death in that shape was better than being blown to pieces in that rat hole; and so, finally, girding our loins, and tying our turbans tight round our waists, with knives in teeth and rifles ready loaded, we were ready for our mad rush."

"At Muhammad's word the four sprang at the door, and it fell out like a ragged sheet; as fast as man could count a score, they opened fire, and in reply the inferno of fire began again—but ragged and careless as if surprised—and by God's mercy, in the main, off the hut; some bullets found their way to it, as might be expected, and one of us I know—not who—fell back there with a coughing sobbing choke; no time for delay though, and out of the door we leapt, speeding like jackals straight for our point."

"Ah! that rush—did it take years—aye—countless years, eternity itself—thirty paces, forty paces

sixty—seventy—eighty, and then—through the darkness showed a line of dark faces, whites of eyes showing, bayonets steely shimmering, and further back one white face showing clear cut through the murk.

"At that all must have fired instinctively as we ran, for we surged into a line worried by our fire, and 'twas cut and thrust and hack and drive with our knives to push a way through. Ere this the white face had vanished—as is now known a shot in our running onslaught had laid it low—and the line of soldiers was near pierced. As I ran, a Hindu sepoy caught by a chance shot from one of us others pitched forward, and rushing as I was, I snatched at his bandolier and flew onwards; but not unwounded, for as I bent to it I felt a blow on my left shoulder. Little did I reck it at the moment, for we were through—were through much quicker indeed that has taken the telling of it, and in my mad joy I shrieked: 'Allah! Allah!' and therewith came answering calls from left and right—hence I knew that more had escaped too. Straight, guessing the track, I made for the Gambila nullah, racing, though losing strength with the red blood dripping from my shoulder; when with a thundering rush of hoofs mounted figures came down upon me out of the darkness. As fireflies I saw the glint of lances, and, praise be to the Prophet, at that moment I pitched into a tunnel in the ground, and the troop passed over me. Slowly and wearily did I bear myself up again and still moving—moving, though God knows I knew not what I did, at last I reached the nullah.

"Man Mirdad, never did I think that I would reach half the journey,—nay, not even a quarter—but, faint with loss of blood as I was, and with tongue cleaving to palate parched with thirst, I was carried on as in a dream and gained the slow trickle of a stream up the nullah. Flat I threw myself to it and drank and drank—staunched my wound with mud, and binding waist cloth tightly athwart my shoulder, made fresh essay. By cockerow was I within the Batanni limits, drawing one foot wearily after the other, till in the end, some two kos hence, sense left me, and I knew no more till three nights after when I awoke upon this bed. Two score rupees have I sworn to give to our saint for my return, when such sum may come into my hands, for, of truth, our escape was a miracle. Think to thyself of the thirty-two of us, ringed as we were by some twenty score troops, sixteen have won through seathless; four

The Garrison Soft Ball League.

The end of the first half of the season found the R.C.R. in the leading position. Winning all their games, the Infantrymen played sound "ball," and exhibited good team-work throughout the initial series. The second series has commenced, and it is hoped that any games which may have to be postponed will be played off when the troops return from camp.

1st Troop vs. R.C.R.

Continuing their winning streak, The R.C.R. defeated 1st Troop on May 19th. The game was very closely contested, but one disastrous inning spelled the ruin of the Troopers. Result: The R.C.R., 7; 1st Troop, 2. Batteries, Cpl. Stanyar and Sgt. Campbell; Capt. Home and Sgt. Sarrasin.

3rd Troop vs. 2nd Troop

With the kind assistance of Tpr. Gilmore, the 2nd Troop held the 3rd Troop down to five runs while they themselves were successful in negotiating the circuit of bases just eleven times, counting everything. The 3rd Troop seem particularly weak in batters, and their pitcher, Major Nordheimer, suffered from a chronic lack of support in the field.

Batteries: Major Nordheimer and Tpr. Bilton; Tpr. Gilmore and Tpr. Duclos.

1st Troop vs. 2nd Troop.

This game, which was scheduled for May 23rd, was not played; 1st Troop being compelled to lose the game by default, owing to their inability to field a team.

The R.C.R. vs. 3rd. Troop.

Maintaining "the even tenor of their way," The R.C.R. hung several very dark rolls of crepe all over 3rd Troop, when they finished on the right end of a game which ended with the score eleven

more—I among them—returned, though wounded; but one dozen have met their fate—alas, that even they should have—aye, curses on the traitor—report saith that he hath been granted a reward of five thousand rupees and a seat in durbar. Ere long, I trust, if men still are men, will he gain a seat where hell fires be never quenched. Remember, O Mirdad, and keep the lambardar of Pahar Khel in thy mind."

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Batteries: Capt. Home and Sgt. Sarrasin; Major Nordheimer and Tpr. Bilton.

1st Troop vs. 3rd Troop.

By winning this game on May 28th, the 1st Troop forced the 3rd Troop down to the cellar position, where they are very likely to remain if they persist in the brand of ball they furnished in this game. The game was rich in hits, 3rd Troop getting seven runs, while 1st were shoving fourteen over the home plate.

2nd Troop vs. The R.C.R.

This was perhaps the closest game of the series. The 2nd Troop held the lead for the five innings, but then The R.C.R. took command of the game and were never headed. Both pitchers worked hard and with good results. The downfall of 2nd Troop was accomplished through one or two errors on their part at a critical stage of the game. Result, 2nd Troop, 8; The R.C.R., 10.

Batteries: Tprs. Gilmore and Connelly, W.; Capt. Home and Sgt. Sarrasin.

1st Troop vs. The R.C.R.

Strolling on the diamond with the supreme confidence that is a characteristic of the real ball-player, The R.C.R. got the surprise of their lives when the lowly-placed 1st Troop administered administered unto them a severe bending. Stanyar and Campbell contributed largely to the aforesaid bending: the latter ending the "Babe Ruth-like" career of a number of the "gravel crushers" from behind the bat. Result: 1st Troop, 10; The R.C.R., 4.

3rd Troop vs. 2nd Troop.

By losing their fourth game in

a row, the 3rd Troop proved that they are at least consistent in the face of adversity. The same old errors were made in the same old places, and all the jolly old pessimists went away feeling quite gratified that their worst predictions were fulfilled. Result, 3rd Troop, 1; Second Troop, 11.

3rd Troop vs. R.C.R.

On Tuesday evening, June 9th, the 3rd Troop trimmed The R.C.R. by 10 runs to 4. Evidently the troopers had shaken off the jinx which has been their constant attendant during past few weeks. In the first innings 3rd Troop proceeded to knock the pill about a bit, and with the kind co-operation of the R.C.R., who gave a practical demonstration of all possible errors, six runs being tallied before this distressing period ended. At the end of the second half of the initial inning the scorer represented the R.C.R.'s earnings by means of a circular digit. In the second inning each side got four runs, and from then on both sides tightened up and played shut-out ball. There being no further scoring the result was: 3rd Troop, 10; The R.C.R. 4. Major Nordheimer pitched a good game for 3rd Troop, and was ably backed by his infield. Lance Corporal Rowe fielded two very good catches in the out-field.

2nd Troop vs. 1st Troop.

This game, which was postponed from June 6th on account of it clashing with a cricket match, was played off on Wednesday, 10th June. The result was 5 to 1 in favour of 2nd Troop. The game was very interesting, 2nd Troop's in-field work being particularly good, while Tpr. Gilmore's pitching was always strong.

2nd Troop vs. The R.C.R.

This was the most exciting game

of the season. The R.C.R. were one game ahead of 2nd Troop, and had they won this game the League Championship would have been theirs. By winning the game 2nd Troop tied with The R.C.R. for first place, and so will have to play off for premier honours.

From the start it was plainly seen that this was to be a "homeric" battle. Both teams played perfect ball and the first three innings passed scorelessly. In the third session Major Sawers made "first" on a single to left field; stole second and third bags, and came home on Constantine's single. The R.C.R.'s failed to register in their half of the third, and no score was recorded for the fourth frame. Tpr. Gilmore opened the fifth by reaching third base on a mighty hit to centre field, and brought in the second run for 2nd Troop on a passed pitched ball. The sixth and seventh innings were uneventful, from the scorer's point of view, owing to the sparkling work in the field by each time, and the result was: 2nd Troop, 2; The R.C.R., 0.

It would indeed be a difficult task to pick any individual player for special mention. Capt. Home pitched a splendid game for the R.C.R., and Tpr. Gilmore pitched a shut-out game for 2nd Troop. Each pitcher was ably supported by his team-mates.

"Can I have a toothbrush, Miss, please?"

"Would you like a soft or hard one, sir? I have some very good brushes here for fifty cents."

"That's all right, Miss, any sort will do—I only need it for kit inspection."

Partner: "Oi, Hymie, I forgot to lock the safe."

Hymie: "Vell, vat of it? Ain't ve both here?"

FOOTBALL

We have been slightly dilatory in getting the leather sphere on the move, but weather conditions have been none to good. However, now that the Garrison League schedule has been published we hope to see a change. The Garrison team is affiliated with the P. Q.F.A. and arrangements are being made to invite teams from the various Montreal leagues down to St. Johns.

Garrison vs. C.P.R.

On Saturday, May 30th, the above teams played a friendly game at St. Johns. The Canadian Pacific Recreation Club belong to the Montreal Mid-Week League. Weather conditions were perfect from a football point of view. From the whistle, the game was fought at a ding-dong pace, with the play moving rapidly from one set of backs to the other. Neither goalkeeper was very much troubled, each defence being equal to the job in hand. The only goal of the game was hooked into the net by McLean, when the visiting goalie fumbled Sheehy's shot.

For the Garrison, Sgt. Campbell and Tpr. Gilmore were right on the job at full back; Dawkes, at centre half, was a "pillar of strength," while Corp. McLean was the best of the forwards.

Result, Garrison 1, C.P.R. 0.

The following represented the Garrison:—Tpr. Hodgkinson, Sgt. Campbell and Tpr. Gilmore; L/Cpl Parker, Tpr. Dawkes, Cpl. Stanyar; Tpr. Lawrence, Cpl. McLean, Sgt. Sheehy, Sgt. Harris, and Tpr. English.

Referee: Mr. George Ellis.

"Where do you get that stuff?" is no longer a rebuke, but the sign of a budding friendship.



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Dismounted Sports.

May 25th.

The Annual Dismounted Sports at the Cavalry Barracks were held on Monday, May 25th, in the morning and afternoon. In spite of the cold and threatening weather a large number of spectators were present, including quite a number from Montreal.

Keen competition marked the day's events, and it was not until the last event had taken place that the winners of the Challenge Cup for the Troop or Company winning the greatest number of points was decided. The standing before the obstacle race was, 1st Troop, R.C.D., 30 points; "D" Coy., The R.C.R., 29 points; 2nd Troop, R.C.D., 28 points. Corp. Stanyar, the winner of the LeBlanc Challenge Cup for the competitor obtaining the greatest number of points individually, by winning the last event, cinched the Cup for 1st Troop; the final standing being, 1st Troop, 35 points; 2nd Troop, 31 points; "D" Co., The R.C.R., 30 points.

In winning the LeBlanc Challenge Cup for the second year in succession, Corp. Stanyar proved himself an all round athlete of ex-

ceptional ability. Displaying good sportsmanship throughout, he unselfishly entered all events which would give points to his troop, and in addition he established marks in the High Jump and Broad Jump which compare very favourably with those at any amateur meet.

"D" Company, the R.C.R., gave an excellent display of gymnastic exercises, and received well deserved applause for their exhibition.

At the conclusion of the afternoon, the prizes were presented by Mrs. C. J. Armstrong to the winners.

Morning Programme

The first event on the programme was the Best Turned Out Section, open to "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

Each Troop had an entry, and the judges, Major Bowie, D.S.O., and Major Nordheimer, M.C., had a difficult task to decide the winners. After a thorough inspection of horses, equipment, and individual turn-out, No. 4 Section, 2nd Troop, were awarded first place, with No. 3 Section, 1st Troop, second. The markings for the competitors were as follows:

4th Section, 2nd Troop.

	Man	Equpt.	Horse	Shoeing	Total
Cpl. Lacerte	50	50	50	50	200
Tpr. Connolly	40	40	50	50	180
Tpr. Duclos	40	40	50	50	180
Tpr. Sawers	50	50	40	50	190
					750

3rd Section, 1st Troop.

L/Cpl. Barraclough	40	40	40	40	160
Tpr. Hodgkinson ..	50	50	40	40	180
Tpr. Wood	40	40	50	50	180
Tpr. Omelusk	50	50	40	50	190
					710

8th Section, 3rd Troop.

L/Cpl. Rowe	50	35	40	40	165
Tpr. Brennan	50	40	35	50	175
Tpr. Dobson	40	40	50	50	180
Tpr. Ross	50	40	45	50	185
					705

The Broad Jump brought out two outstanding jumpers in Corp. Stanyar and Corp. McKerrall. In spite of a poor take-off and the grass, a high standard was set, the final result being Corp. Stanyar first, with a jump of twenty feet, and Corp. McKerrall second, with a jump of nineteen feet.

The Tug-of-war preliminaries followed and proved as popular as ever with the spectators. One pull only was allowed, and the teams tossed a coin for the choice of ends. The 1st Troop won from the 3rd Troop, and the R.C.R. won from the 2nd Troop. In the final, the 1st Troop won from The R.C.R.,

a great deal of credit for the victory going to Sgt. Campbell, their coach.

The heats for the 100 yards dash brought out keen competition, the finalists being Tpr. Hopewell, 1st Troop; Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop; Capt. Home, Cpl. Bert, Sgt. Godin, Pte. O'Flynn and Pte. Francoeur, The R.C.R.

The final was run in the afternoon and was won by Corp. Stanyar, with Sgt. Godin second, and Cpl. McKerrall third.

The Wheelbarrow Race followed, and was won by Cpls. Stanyar and McKerrall, with L/Cpl. Parker and Pte. Sheppard, The R.C.R., a close second.

The heats for the Sack Race provoked much merriment, and were entered by several "Jolly Tars" from the Navy. The final was won by Corp. Green, 3rd Troop, with Pte. O'Flynn, The R.C.R., second.

The High Jump proved a very popular event and provided the spectators with plenty of excitement. When the bar showed 4 feet 10 inches only three competitors were left, Capt. Home, The R.C.R., Cpl. Stanyar and Cpl. McKerrall. The bar was raised two inches at a time till 5 feet 2 inches

was reached, the competitors jumping well, especially McKerrall, who showed lovely style. At this height, Capt. Home was eliminated and only McKerrall and Stanyar were left to fight it out. Neither cleared the bar at five feet four inches, and on the bar being lowered again to its former height, Cpl. Stanyar cleared it on his last try, thus winning the prize.

The Boat Race was won by 2nd Troop from The R.C.R., chiefly through good steering around the buoy, after the 3rd Troop and 1st Troop had been eliminated respectively in the heats.

The Ladies' Race was won by Miss Dorothy Pugh after a stirring contest, the winner showing a burst of speed in the final fifteen yards.

Corp. Stanyar continued his winning streak by capturing the 200 yard dash from Capt. Home, with Cpl. McKerrall a close third. Three heats were run in this event, six competitors facing the pistol in the final.

Tpr. Gilmour captured the Old Soldiers' Race, with Sgt. Kevins, R.C.A.S.C., second, and S.S.M. Smith third.

The Mile Race was won by Seaman Gill, of the "Wisteria," and he proved himself a splendid judge

of pace, keeping in second place till the last lap and then easily taking command of the race to beat Tpr. Lawrence to the tape. A special prize was given to the winner, the other results being Tpr. Lawrence, 2nd Troop, Sgt. Sheehy, 3rd Troop, and Pte. Cameron, the R.C.R., in the order mentioned.

The Relay Race was looked forward to with anticipation, and the spectators were not disappointed, as a close and exciting race took place. The 2nd Troop and "D" Company, R.C.R., ran neck and neck all the way through, and it was not until the final lap that the result was decided. Captain Home, the last man of the R.C.R. team, took the stick almost at the same time as Cpl. McKerrall, of the 2nd Troop, and by a fine burst of speed managed to cross the tape first.

The Obstacle Race completed the programme, and as stated before, it was not till this event had been completed that the winners of the Cup for the Troop or Company gaining the highest aggregate was decided. Cpl. Stanyar and Tpr. Connolly dive under the canvas together and emerged at the same time, and it was here that an incident occurred that possibly had considerable bearing on the final result. Cpl. Stanyar, seeing the vaulting horse which had been used for the R.C.R. gymnastic display right in his path, took it for granted that it was included in the obstacles and commenced to climb over it. Connolly, who was almost equal, had to wait till Stanyar was over before he could take a hand, and in consequence was ten yards behind when it came to the final dash. Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop, finished third.

The results in detail are as under:

Event No. 2, Broad Jump; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; Distance 20 feet; 2nd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop; 3rd, Sgt. Godin, R.C.R.

Event No. 9, Tug-of-War; 1st Pull, 1st Troop vs. 3rd Troop, won by 1st Troop; 2nd Pull, 2nd Troop vs. R.C.R.; won by R.C.R. Final, 1st Troop vs. R.C.R., won by 1st Troop.

Event No. 4, Children's Race; 1st, Miss Violet Hird; 2nd, Miss Ruth Becksted; 3rd, Miss Winnie Wileox.

Events Nos. 5 and 10, 100 Yards Dash; 1st Heat; 1st, Tpr. Hopewell, 1st Troop; 2nd, Pte. Francoeur, R.C.R.; 2nd Heat; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R.; 3rd Heat, 1st, Cpl. Bert, R.C.R.; 2nd, Pte. O'Flynn, R.C.R.; 4th Heat, 1st, Sgt. Godin, R.C.R.; 2nd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop. Final,

1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Sgt. Godin, R.C.R.; 3rd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop.

Event No. 6, Wheelbarrow Race; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar and Cpl. McKerrall; 2nd, L/Cpl. Parker, W., and Pte. Sheppard; 3rd, Pte. Francoeur and Pte. O'Flynn.

Event No. 7, Sack Race, 1st Heat; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Sgt. Langley, 2nd Troop; 3rd, Tpr. Connolly, H., 2nd Troop; 4th, Cpl. Bert, R.C.R. 2nd Heat; 1st, Pte. Francoeur, R.C.R.; 2nd, Pte. Sheppard, R.C.R.; 3rd, Pte. O'Flynn, R.C.R.; 4th, Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop. Final; 1st, Cpl. Green, 3rd Troop; 2nd, Pte. O'Flynn, R.C.R.; 3rd, Pte. Sheppard, R.C.R.

Event No. 8, High Jump; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop, Height 5 feet 2 1/2 inches; 2nd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop; 3rd, Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R.

Event No. 11, Three-Legged Race; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar and Cpl. McKerrall; 2nd, Tpr. Connolly, H., and Tpr. Lawrence; 3rd, Pte. Sheppard and L/Cpl. Parker, W.

Event No. 12, Boat Race; 1st Heat; 3rd Troop vs. R.C.R., Winner, R.C.R.; 2nd Heat, 1st Troop vs. 2nd Troop, Winner, 2nd Troop Final; 1st, 2nd Troop; 2nd, R.C.R.

Event No. 13, Ladies Race; 1st, Miss D. Pugh; 2nd, Miss M. Lowrey.

Event No. 14, 200 Yards Dash, 1st Heat; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R.; 2nd Heat, 1st, Tpr. White, 2nd Troop; 2nd, Tpr. Quine, 2nd Troop; 3rd Heat; 1st, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop; 2nd, Tpr. Connolly, W., 2nd Troop; Final; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R.; 3rd, Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop.

Event No. 15, Old Soldiers' Race; 1st, Tpr. Gilmore; 2nd, Sgt. Kevins; 3rd, S.S.M. Smith.

Event No. 16, Obstacle Race; 1st, Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop; 2nd, Tpr. Connolly, H., 2nd Troop; 3rd, Tpr. Ross, 3rd Troop.

Event No. 17, One Mile Race; Special Prize, Seaman Gill, H.M. S. "Wisteria"; 1st, Tpr. Lawrence, 2nd Troop; 2nd, Sgt. Sheehy, 3rd Troop; 3rd, Pte. Cameron, R.C.R.

Event No. 18, Physical Training Display; "D" Company, The R.C.R.

Event No. 19, Relay Race; 1st, R.C.R., Team, Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., Sgt. Godin, Cpl. Bert, Cpl. Parker, W.; 2nd, 2nd Troop, Team, Cpl. McKerrall, Tpr. Lawrence, Tpr. White, Tpr. Connolly, W.

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Points to Count Toward the "New Challenge Cup"

Following is number of points secured in each event:

	1st Trp.	2nd Trp.	3rd Trp.	R.C.R.
Event No. 2	5	3	0	1
" 3	10	0	0	5
" 5	5	1	0	3
" 8	5	3	0	1
" 12	0	10	0	5
" 14	5	1	0	3
" 16	5	3	1	0
" 17	0	5	3	1
" 19	0	5	0	10
TOTAL	35	31	4	29

Winner of the "New Challenge Cup"—1st Troop.

INDIVIDUAL NUMBER OF POINTS SCORED.

Cpl. Stanyar	1st Troop	25 points
Cpl. McKerrals	2nd Troop	8 "
Tpr. Lawrence	2nd Troop	5 "
Capt. W. J. Home, M.C.	R.C.R.	4 "
Sgt. Godin	R.C.R.	4 "
Tpr. Connelly, H.	2nd Troop	3 "
Sgt. Sheehy	3rd Troop	3 "
Tpr. Ross	3rd Troop	1 "
Pte. Cameron	R.C.R.	1 "

Winner of the "LeBlanc Challenge Cup" for 1925: Cpl. Stanyar, 1st Troop, R.C.D.

CRICKET

"A" Sqn. vs. St. Johns C.C.

The Squadron cricket team was opposed by a representative team from St. Johns, Que., on Saturday, June 6th. The day was an ideal one for cricket, being nice and warm, with a cool breeze blowing from across the river, which made things very comfortable for both players and spectators.

St. Johns, batting first, knocked up 31, while "A" Sqn., in their first inning were all out for 54. In the second inning St. Johns compiled 38, and the Squadron declared when the score was 44 for three wickets; thus winning the game by 28 runs and 7 wickets.

Major Nordheimer and Tpr. Beetham were the pick of the Military eleven, and the Rev. Mr. Jones and Mr. George Ellis were the outstanding players on the town team.

St. Johns C.C.

1st Innings

H. Allingham, c & b Beetham	5
R. Wheeler, c & b Beetham	0
Rev. A. S. Jones, not out	18
T. Pugh, b Russel	0
G. W. Ellis, b Russel	2
T. Brier, c & b Beetham	3
C. Fisher, b Beetham	0
W. Neithercut, b Dawkes	0
G. Webb, c & b Dawkes	2
	—
	38

"A" Sqn. C.C.

L/Cpl. Cassidy, c Pugh, b Ellis	0
Tpr. Rowe, b Jones	2
Tpr. Beetham, not out	24
Tpr. Dawkes, c & b Jones	2
Major Nordheimer, not out	10
Extras	6
TOTAL	44

Bran Mash.

A widow is the luckiest woman in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead.

Our idea of the meanest man on earth is the barber who puts hair restorer in his shaving cream.

One and one make two, but two and one make trouble.

Among the Scotch a man usually finds his closest friends.

A revival was raging in a Virginia coloured church. The fruits had been considerable. One obdurate soul, however, resisted the efforts of the elder. Called to account for his reluctance, he replied: "Yo' see how 'tis, Elder.

I've got a problem. I don't see how I've gwine git mah shirt on ovah mah wings when I gits to Glory."

"Dat ain't yo' problem," reported the exhorter promptly. "Yo' problem is how you gwine git yo' hat ovah yo' horns."

—Everybody's Magazine.

Magistrate—"Did you, or did you not, strike the policeman?"

Prisoner—"The answer is in the infirmary."

There is no use trying to joke with a woman. The other day Jones heard a pretty good conundrum, and decided to try it on his wife.

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"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked when he got home.

"No," she replied promptly. "I know you are, but I don't know why you are."

"Do you act towards your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."

Some men are forever mistaking notoriety for fame.

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the visitor to the hotel, when the page brought his boots.

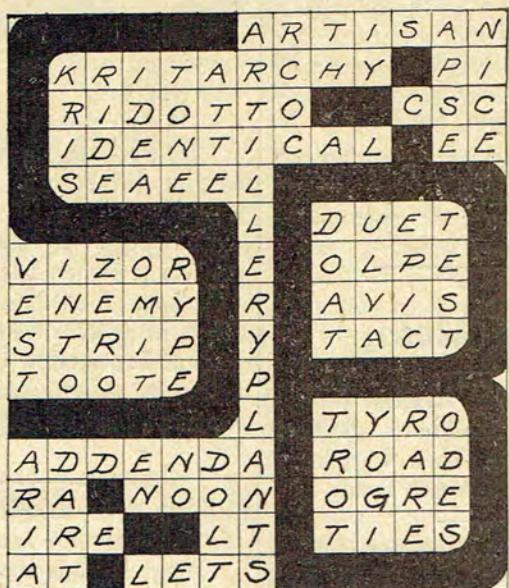
"They call me Billiard Cue," answered the boy.

"What a funny name! Why do they call you that?"

"Because I work much better with a tip."

Most men would rather lose \$10 on a horse race than a nickel through a hole in a pocket.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



The Situation in the Pacific.

(By Major K. B. Ferguson, R.G.
A., (Retd.)

The problems of the Pacific are the problems of half the globe. On the circumference of this huge ocean are China, Japan, Siberia, Canada, The United States, Mexico, the Central American States with the Panama Canal, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, New Zealand, Australia. In addition to these independent states are a multitude of Dependencies, islands, archipelagoes, varying in size and important from French Indo-China the Philippine Islands, Borneo, Java and Sumatra, to little coral atolls like Pitcairn Island that stand like oases in a desert of waters. The Pacific Ocean extends from Arctic regions off Alaska to the Antarctic waters of Ross Sea; and two of the States alone, China and the United States, include between them one-third of the human race. It is vast in size and full of fascination. Since it first became known to Europeans, it has appealed to the imagination of travellers and adventurers; it now appeals also to students of politics, because it is the scene of international interests that are becoming more momentous every year.

In a short study today, we can only lay stress upon one or two points out of scores that offer themselves. I shall first take a glance from the Japanese point of view. Then I shall turn to the American point of view. Thirdly, I shall emphasize the importance of China. Finally, I hope to bring out the lesson which it seems to

me all political problems teach us: the need to consolidate our own Empire, so that in strengthening itself, it may become a strength and stay to others.

Japan has a strong strategical position in the Pacific, and she has improved the advantage by raising herself to a high pitch of efficiency both on land and at sea. But she has two difficult problems before her; one is, an outlet for her population, which is growing rapidly; the other is the problem of external supplies in time of war.

(1) The population of Japan proper is roughly 56 million; including Korea, Formosa, and Saghalien it is roughly 77 million. It increases in Japan at the rate of about 600,000 a year, and that country is already closely packed. It is not so dense per square mile as ours in England; but whereas we have many of the fairest and most fertile portions of the globe to go to—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, the Colonies and Protectorates—the Japanese have at present only Korea, Formosa, and one half of Saghalien, no one of which offers much scope to an ambitious and enterprising people. Canada, The United States, Australia and New Zealand have closed or are closing their doors to the Japanese. They would find space enough, and to spare, in Manchuria and Siberia; but Russia is beginning to show signs of returning to the old Muscovite policy which we associate with the Tsarist régime, and will probably close Siberia to the Japanese unless they are prepared to fight for it, which is out of the question.

No man can foresee what way Japan will find out of her difficulty, and I wish purposely to avoid wasting time in speculation about the future. We can only note the broad fact that an ex-

panding population must go somewhere, and the other broad fact that all the obvious outlets are closed. A rising flood must find an outlet or produce a catastrophe. We know what happened in our own country. England developed slowly in the 1500's, 1600's, and 1700's. Then, with the dawn of the Industrial Age, she went forward rapidly, and during the last half-century we have been living in a whirl of motor-cars, wireless, American "pep," democracy, and emancipated women. So it is with Japan. It has been estimated that during the 230 odd years that she shut off herself from the world, roughly from the time of Charles I. to the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, her population only increased by some 26 million. During the last sixty years, on the other hand, the rise of Japan has been meteoric and bewildering; and if she goes on at the same rate it is evident that her surplus population must find some place to go. So much for her first problem.

(2) Her second problem concerns her supplies in time of war. Like Great Britain, she is dependent on external sources; she can never again be self-supporting. A hundred years ago the Japanese cultivated their rice fields, and lived on the produce thereof; rice and fish were their staple food, they were a self-centred and self-supporting community. Then they suddenly flung their doors open and became a World-Power. They wanted ships and commerce, iron works and coal; that constant flow of raw material, of exports and imports, that an industrial nation demands. But Japan has no more acreage now than she had a hundred years ago, and the Law of Diminishing Returns does not forget to act. So she has to get raw materials and foodstuffs from abroad, in the same way that we do ourselves. The Government are making strenuous efforts to increase the productivity of the land chiefly in the output of rice, so as to make the country self-supporting again. But the tendencies are against it. The Japanese, for instance, are eating increasing quantities of meat, and wanting an improved standard of living, with more luxury and comfort; and as this tendency becomes more marked every year, Japan will depend more and more upon foreign trade. Therein lies a danger which the efforts of the most peaceful-minded statesman cannot prevent. We shall see commercial and industrial competition increasing in the Far East, and there is no reason to doubt that it will lead to armed conflict some day, as it did among ourselves in Europe a few years

ago.

I would like, at this stage, to point to a group of figures which show the industrial development of Japan within the lifetime of a middle-aged man of today. In 1868, or 56 years ago, at the time of the restoration to power of the grandfather of the present Mikado, she had do factories at all in the modern sense. In 1900 she had some 7,000; today she has about 25,000.

The growth of Japanese shipping has kept pace with this rapid industrial growth. Japan has her trade routes not only across the Pacific, but over the whole world; and we, who realize that the safety of our Empire depends on our being able to keep our trade routes open, can sympathise with her, because she is in the same position. If her communications with the outer world are cut she will be in danger of starvation, not only in the matter of food, but also of raw materials—wool, cotton, iron, etc. It is not enough for her to have a strong strategical position if she remains vulnerable on those lines of communication. It is not enough to know that in her corner of the Pacific, thousands of miles from Europe and the United States, she cannot be beaten in direct attack. She has to bear in mind the fact that she could be worn down without being attacked, if her supplies were cut off.

That is her point of view towards America and Europe. But she also has to take into account the two remarkable powers to west and north of her. She may have nothing to fear from China or Russia at the present moment, because both are in a chaotic state of government. But if we are to believe the best authorities on China, that vast country is gradually being transformed. I do not think that any amount of transformation will ever make the Chinese an aggressive race, because we have four thousand years of their history to show that it is not in them. They have from the earliest times been a pastoral and agricultural people, good traders and workers, good artisans and labourers; never a fighting race like the Japanese or Prussians. But they may quite conceivably develop more power to resist aggression on the part of others, and that is enough to alarm Japan. Roosevelt, in his Autobiography, wrote of "the frightful calamities that have befallen China because she has had no power of self-defence." Perhaps without ever becoming aggressive, she will develop that power of self-defence, and if she does, Japan, like all the rest of us, will have her work cut out for her.

North of China, again, is the for-

midable power of Russia—outwardly changed, as a man's appearance is changed after fearful sickness, but in essentials the same as ever. Do you remember the stories we used to hear about exiles to Siberia in the time of the Tsars? about sinister secret police in Russia? about the squalor and sufferings of the mujik? about the fiendish cruelties of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great? about the expansion of Russia towards Turkestan and Mongolia, and her ambition to have outlets on the Black Sea and the Pacific? It is all just the same now; if they manage to retain power, the present rulers of Russia will follow on the same lines as the old ones; or, if they are driven out by some new Ivan or Peter, he will go on as before. If we do not realise that, Japan does. When she looks ahead she has to take into account the likelihood, if not the certainty, that some day China, or Russia, or both, will become a grave menace to her. Now that she has annexed Korea and so planted her foot on the mainland, she is even more precariously involved than if she were only an island Power. It is as if we came into possession of Denmark, or of the Cherbourg promontory in the north of France. Think what a difference it would make to our position in Europe!

I cannot dwell longer on the Japanese point of view, so I merely repeat the three points on which I have laid stress:—

- (1) the problem of her surplus population,
- (2) the problem of external supplies,
- (3) the possible danger from China and Russia as near neighbours.

I now cross over to the other side of the Pacific, and look at the situation from the American point of view.

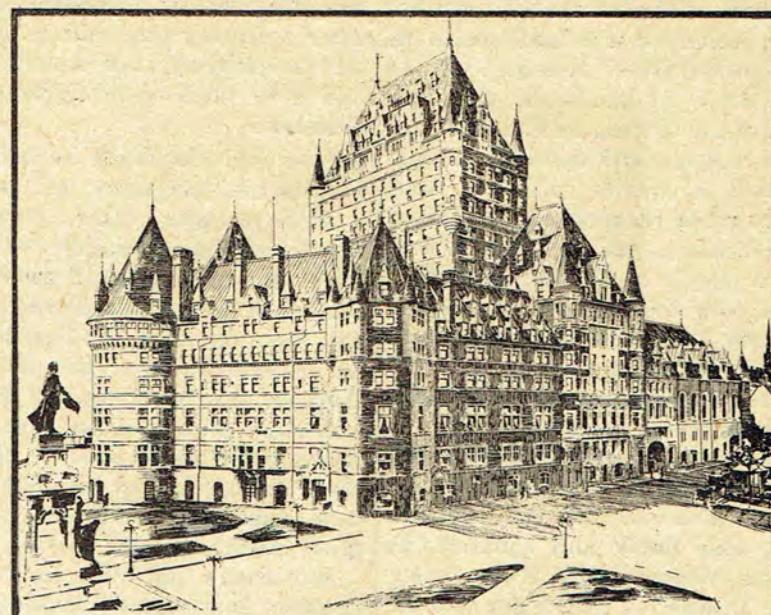
II.

Our American cousins have their frailties and virtues like everyone else, but false modesty is not one of them. They do not under-rate their own importance in the world. They are convinced that the U.S.A. is the greatest of the Great Powers, the hub of the universe, and that they must be "top dog" in the Pacific. The Japanese have precisely the same idea about their own country, so the two must necessarily come into conflict; not armed conflict, perhaps, but economic conflict, and a conflict of ambitions.

The United States gave hostages to fortune when they stretched across the Pacific to Hawaii and the Philippines. It is not for a humble student of world politics to

judge whether, on balance, they are a source of advantage or a weakness to her. One of the greatest of modern Americans, Theodore Roosevelt, held that the Philippines were indispensable to America as an advanced base. Other strategists deny this, and go so far as to say that the Philippines would be a gift to Japan within the first few weeks of a conflict, because before an American fleet could steam 5,000 odd miles to defend this base, the Japanese would be in possession of it; and furthermore, that the American fleet then would be helpless for lack of coal, and would consequently be at the mercy of the enemy. However that may be, America has thrown herself right across the Pacific, and in the Philippines she is at the very door of China. We cannot blame the Japanese if they feel misgivings about this. Mr. Roosevelt himself told them that their sphere was in Asia, while the American sphere was on the continent of America; in other words, that each Power could keep on its own side of the Pacific and they need never collide. If in spite of that they see the United States spreading across to the Philippines, with stepping stones at Hawaii, Midway Island, and Guam, they are quite right to take necessary precautions.

The attitude which Americans have taken up over the immigration question has naturally accentuated the rivalry between them and the Japanese. The Americans of the Pacific States, who are the people who matter in this case, dislike and look down on the Japanese. They make no distinction between them and the Chinese, Siamese, or other races of Eastern Asia, but bracket them all together as "yellow men"; in fact, many of these people, who for twenty years have been agitating for the exclusion of the Japanese, and who are at the back of the recent anti-immigration troubles, look upon them as simply another form of "nigger." The intense racial feeling along the Pacific Coast is not comprehensible to us in England for the same reason that we cannot understand the intense feeling of the French against the Germans. We have never been in the same peril as France from a stronger nation on our frontier, and we have not enough imagination to put ourselves in her place. In the same way England enjoys immunity from racial dangers, and people who are thus immune cannot imagine how those dangers affect other people. The objection of the Americans to Japanese is partly racial and partly economic. It is racial that they object to the idea of having Japanese prop-



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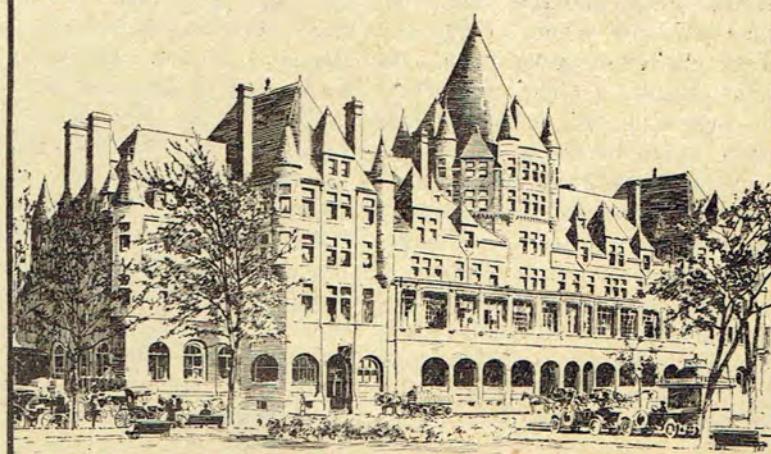
Another favourite hotel—the Place Viger, Montreal, situated at the terminal of the Canadian Pacific lines to Quebec and the Laurentian Mountains. This hotel makes an ideal centre for those who prefer quiet and yet wish to be within easy reach of the business and shopping districts.

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THE PLACE VIGER, MONTREAL



rietors of American soil, employing American men and women in a subordinate capacity. It is economic in the sense that the American artisan or labourer cannot compete with Japanese labour, which is equally efficient and very much cheaper. So American trade unions are up in arms. Our own people in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are not less emphatic than the Americans, and do not differentiate very much between the Japanese and other yellow or brown races.

The Americans are quite within their rights in objecting to a Japanese invasion. Mr. Roosevelt put the case fairly and squarely, as usual, when he said: "The Japanese themselves would not tolerate the intrusion into their country of a mass of Americans who would displace Japanese in the business of the land. I would be the first to admit that Japan has absolute right to declare on what terms foreigners shall be admitted to work in her country, or to own land in her country, or to become citizens in her country. America has and must insist upon the same right. The people of California were right in insisting that the Japanese should not come thither and work in mass, that there should be no influx of labourers, of agricultural workers, or small tradesmen—in short, no mass settlement or immigration."

The Japanese complaint is that the recent American legislation is uncalled-for. They maintain that the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1908, in which Japan herself, out of deference to the United States, restricted the flow of Japanese immigrants into the U.S.A., was working well and doing all that was necessary, and that the new legislation discriminates between immigrants from Japan, who are shut out, and those from France, Italy, and other European countries, who are still allowed to come in. In other words, they complain that the issue is plainly racial and insulting to them.

It is naturally an intolerable position to them. They resent being classed with Chinese and other Asiatic races, because they consider that the events of the last thirty years have given them a superior status. They also resent the suggestion of inferiority to white races, which is implied in their exclusion from white men's countries, because they consider, quite rightly, that those events have put them on a footing of equality with the white races. They defeated the Russians twenty years ago, and sat in judgment on the Germans and Austrians after the Great War. They were among

the Big Five at Versailles; and, after accepting their aid in 1914, we can scarcely turn round now and deny them equal rights with ourselves.

How far will Japan be able to redress this inequality and assert a right to enter other people's countries,—this remains to be seen. It is a problem of the Pacific which we or our descendants will some day come up against in an acute form. For the present, America has made up her mind and is not going to draw back. She is evidently determined to make the Pacific seaboard safe for her own democracy. She sets us a good example in this respect.

Will Japan fight America? The question is constantly raised, but is one of those speculative problems with which I have no time to deal with here. It seems to me that Japan is in more danger from China or Russia than from the U.S.A., or ourselves on the other side of the great ocean. Whether in a passive or active rôle, she is more closely committed in North-eastern Asia than anywhere else, and is more likely to come into conflict with her rivals there. Now that she is being shut out from the North American continent and from Australasia, she has an additional reason to look westward for means of expansion. Secondly, the annexation of Korea has made her a Continental Power. Thirdly, Russia contains aggressive elements which may at any time renew the menace to Japan in the Far East. For more than one reason, therefore, Japan has to watch her neighbours to west and north-west of her carefully.

III.

I have sketched briefly the points of view of Japan and the United States. Behind these two protagonists is the vast form of China.

China is the pivot round which all Pacific problems revolve. In size she is one of the greatest Powers on that ocean; in population she is far the greatest. You will find that every one of the Western Powers, in its outlook upon the Pacific, keeps one eye all the time on China. We have all tried, with varying success, to grab portions of her territory. We have tried to dominate her trade, and obtain the first place in her huge markets. We have heard allusions to the "yellow peril," "slumbering millions," and "awakening giants." But what is not always realised fully is the latent strength of the Chinese. Most of us look upon them as an inferior race, only semi-civilised and very backward. Backward they certainly are if we take them

collectively. The peasants and labourers in remote parts of the country live in a state of ignorance, squalor and misery, though I doubt if it is worse than in Russia and other parts of Europe. On the other hand, the better class of Chinese are an exceedingly fine race. To look upon them as inferior to ourselves, or less civilised, would show ignorance on our own part. They have traditions that go back not only beyond our Norman and Anglo-Saxon periods, but far beyond the early ages of Greek and Roman civilisation. They are people of great natural ability, supreme in every branch of commerce, and in addition to their natural ability they have a courtesy of manner that makes them pleasant to deal with, either in business or in social intercourse.

They are extraordinary people; and it strikes me more forcibly the longer I think about it, that China is not conquerable. You cannot conquer such an immense mass of people, and their civilisation is so strongly rooted that you cannot even guiding it, is unthinkable to me. However, this vast and clumsy organism has no head, no organisation, no fixed purpose, no means of carrying out a purpose. Yet it is very much alive, and its potential strength is beyond the reach of our imagination. To talk of Japan conquering it, or annexing it, or even guiding it, is unthinkable to me, because China is greater than Japan in every way but one: namely, that she hates and despises fighting and every form of strenuous competition. That seems to me to be the only respect in which she is not the equal or superior of any other people, white, brown or yellow.

I shall not attempt to give even an outline of Chinese political history during the past few months. Chinese civil warfare has a style of its own, not like anything else with which we are familiar. And even if I could explain the ups and downs of Chang Tso, Wu Pei Fu, Feng Hu Hsiang, Tuan Chi Jui, and other Celestial leaders, it would serve no useful purpose, because the relation of these men to the inner life of China is the relation of foam on the crest of a wave to the deep waters that lie beneath. I would, however, emphasize the fact that China is changing, slowly perhaps, but surely, under the influence of Western civilisation. Nothing will make the Chinese become European. They have too much individuality; and a civilisation that has endured for 4, 5, or 6,000 years is not going to alter fundamentally in the course of a man's lifetime. But they will alter externally, even as we have altered in the last fifty years, al-

though we are still the same people of Shakespeare and Nelson. Scientific knowledge, hygiene, and mechanical invention will filter through these myriads of people and make a vast difference in them. Observers on the spot tell us there has already been an extraordinary change in the last few years. You have no doubt heard about the Young China Movement, which is largely directed by young students and people of radical, not to say revolutionary, tendencies. Like youthful enthusiasts the world over, these young Chinese want to reform everything, and obtain the millennium by return post. Their zeal often outruns their judgment and their powers; but they are a great force, and their influence upon the future of their country is likely to be momentous.

What China needs today is a strong Government to keep order and assist in her development. At present the weakness of the Central Government is a hindrance to herself and is a source of anxiety and danger to everyone else. The lives and property of our fellow-countrymen can never be thoroughly safe with an unstable Government that cannot put a stop to bandit outrages and the vagaries of military chieftains. On the other hand, a well-ordered and prosperous China will tend toward stability. It is not in the Chinese to be an aggressive nation, and the idea of swarms of them rushing forth to invade the American Continent, Australia and New Zealand is fanciful. They will be more likely to assert their right to regulate their trade with us, and to shut out foreigners when they feel inclined. That may become inconvenient for us from the commercial point of view, but we cannot deny them that elementary right if we go on calling them a Sovereign Power. Such an eventuality is, however, not likely to happen in our time.

Before passing on to the concluding part of my lecture—the consideration of our own position in the Pacific—let me sum up a few impressions. The general impression we get from our subject is that forces are rising up in the Pacific which may some day get out of control. (1) One is the expansion of Japan whose population is rising rapidly, but is refused admission into other countries where it might find an outlet. (2) A second force is rising up in China. Her population question is also likely to become acute, especially if she adopts Western methods of hygiene, and avoids the frightful wastage which has hitherto been due to disease and pestilence. (3) A third is the expansion of the United States, which is

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still, as it were, a young giant, growing rapidly. (4) In the north-west corner of the Pacific is a fourth—Russia, a huge Power, of which no wise man would attempt to predict the future five years ahead. (5) In the north-east and in the south-west of the great ocean you find our own Empire, represented by Canada, New Zealand, Australia, various Dependencies, and two links in the chain which binds London to the Far East, Singapore and Hong Kong. Here are five forces that are growing up in the Pacific; and we have made no mention of the interests of France in Cochin China, or of the South American States.

Another impression we get from this study is that the broad line of cleavage in the Pacific is racial, and not national. Japan belongs to Asia; the inhabitants of America belong to Europe. If Japan were to fight Canada or Australia for the right of immigration, the U.S.A. would join in with our Dominions, and vice versa. The same idea is at the back of the Japanese mind when they think of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine—Asia for the Asiatics. It is a perfectly just idea. Japan ought to support

China in her claim to independence, and if she were large-minded enough to do so, they would be a formidable combination. But at present it seems unlikely, because there is hatred between the two. Like other nations, Japan, instead of helping China, has aimed at suppressing her, and squeezing everything out of her that could be squeezed. The Chinese have been alive to this, and will try some day to get their own back from the Japanese. Yet this does not alter the fact that Japan really belongs to Asia, and must find her ultimate development along Asiatic, and not European, lines.

IV.

Meanwhile how do we stand ourselves in the Pacific? The British Empire is potentially the greatest Power in the world at present, and she has interest in the Pacific second to no other. Three of the Dominions are there, two of the foremost trading centres in the world, Hong Kong and Singapore; and groups of Dependencies like Fiji, British North Borneo, New Guinea, and the Mandatory Islands south of the Equa-

tor. We are thus involved on the Western seaboard, on the Eastern, and on the Southern. Only to the north west, where Japan, China, and Russia stand facing one another, is there no portion of the British Empire.

Our position in the south-western Pacific has received much attention of late in connection with the question of Singapore. I try to look at that question not from the point of view of a soldier who may be expected to show professional bias, but from that of a plain citizen, who only has an ordinary measure of common sense to go by. Looking at it in that way, I notice that a continuous chain of bases and coaling stations runs from the United Kingdom through Gibraltar, Malta the Suez Canal, and Aden, or alternatively through Sierra Leone, Cape Town and Mauritius, to Ceylon and Singapore, and from there to Hong Kong in one direction, Australia and New Zealand in the other. If we are prepared to adopt the policy of Denmark, and leave ourselves entirely unprotected, well and good. But if we are going to make any preparations at all in case trouble should arise, it appears

to me to follow that Singapore should be strongly fortified, so that our chain cannot be broken there. The more I study other nations, the less I like those things with the new-fangled name of moral gestures." A moral gesture is the last thing to earn the respect of a Japanese, or a Chinese Tschun, or a high minded American or a patriotic Frenchman; they will like us better if we say to them fairly and squarely: "We propose to fortify Singapore because it is a vital point on our line of communications between London and our people in the Pacific. It is obviously no menace to you Japanese and Americans because it is too far from either to you, and is outside the zone that we agreed upon at the Washington Conference, within which no new fortifications were to be constructed. Our ships in Far Eastern waters need a base where they can be secure and can carry out necessary repairs. Singapore is better than Hong Kong for another reason that it gives us more security against aircraft, and the volume of trade that passes through the Malacca Straits is so vast that we must have the

means of protecting it adequately.

I can understand without necessarily accepting it, the argument that advocates Sydney Harbour in preference to Singapore. I can also understand, without necessarily accepting it, the argument of those critics who content that a fortified base at Singapore is a waste of money in these days of cannot work up any sympathy submarines and aircraft. But I cannot work up any sympathy with "moral gesture," and am out of touch with people who appear afraid of what Japan or America may say about Singapore. The Prime Minister said recently in fine word: "Our duty is to lead the world and not to follow anybody." If we apply that test to Singapore, we shall do what our responsibility imposes upon us, and not wait for the approval of other Powers. The best men in every country know quite well what our motives are, and those are the only men who really matter.

It is instructive to contrast the positions of Canada and the Australasian Dominions in the Pacific. Canada is the go-between between the United States and ourselves. She has so much in common with the United States that she will frequently appreciate their point of view when it is obscure to us at the same time she has a national consciousness strong enough to remind the United States that they are only one half of the North American Continent. We cannot be too often reminded of the standing wonder of that undefended frontier of 3,000 miles between Canada and the United States. I know nothing like in Europe.

Australia and New Zealand, not being in contact with another Power have a different character from that of Canada. In spite of their distance from us, away at the Antipodes, they are in closer sympathy with the Mother Country and in their relations to the problem of the Pacific they look solely to themselves and the Home country, having no powerful neighbour to think about. The Singapore question, which is vital to Australia and New Zealand, does not affect Canada in the same way. Australia and New Zealand depend more on us than Canada does; and if all three feel anxiety about competition from Asiatics, Australia and New Zealand look to us for protection, whereas Canada derives a great deal of security from the fact that any menace to her is a menace also to the United States, which they will help her to repel. For that reason Singapore is of vital consequence to the Australasian Dominions; it

is the first link in the chain that binds them to London.

I would not feel justified in attempting to discuss the situation in the Pacific from the point of view of naval strategy. I am to some extent afraid of the frown of authority, but still more afraid of the ridicule of critics who know more about naval strategy than I do. I notice that each of the three strongest Powers in the Pacific says one of the others is doing something that she should not do under the Washington Agreement; sometimes it relates to gun elevation, sometimes to naval manoeuvres, or to fortress, or vessels other than capital ships. It is too much to expect any one to trust anyone else in those distant waters. Japan learnt a bitter lesson in 1895, when Russia, Germany, and France squeezed her out of the Liao Tung Peninsula on an unctious pretext, only for Russia to step into her place three years later and seize the very territory she had said it would be wrong for Japan to occupy. The dubious action of Japan in presenting her Twenty-one Demands to China in 1915 may have been the natural outcome of the treachery she had experienced twenty years earlier. The British Empire will remain predominant in the Pacific as it ought to be, if it is entirely open-handed in its dealings with friends and rivals alike.

This study problems of the Pacific has led me to two conclusion, among others:—

(1) That many of the dealings of the Western Powers with China cannot be defended on any principle except that Might is Right. Might need not necessarily mean any form of oppression or cruelty. It can go with courtesy, chivalry, mercy, justice, and kindness. It can be used to make men happier, healthier, and in every way better. But from the time when Europeans first appeared in the Pacific until today, the Chinese and Japanese have never wanted them; and if we have any right to be there, it is might only that gives us that right. It would be foolish to suggest that we should evacuate China merely because China does not want us, but perhaps some day China will put her house in order and be in a position to compel us to treat her in the same way that we treat Japan, France, or any other Power with which we have dealings.

(2) My second conclusion arises out of that possibility: it is, that the line upon which we of the British Empire should go in the future should be not only to allow China, but even to assist her, to develop her power. We must

never admit the idea Japan expressed in 1914 when she said she could not tolerate the awakening of some 400 millions Chinese which would follow if China went into the war on the side of the Allies. A man who begins by being afraid of his rival is already half beaten. The British Empire has no occasion to be afraid of any other Power, least of all of China, because as I have pointed out more than once, the Chinese have never, since the dawn of their history, been an aggressive race. To those who are still afraid of a "yellow peril," I would commend the reading of a small book called "The Awakening of Japan," by Okakura Kakuzo, published in 1905. He says there:—

"Not one during the whole of their history do we find the native dynasties of China and India coming into collision one another. The only occasion on which China ever menaced Japan was in the 12th century, when her own Mongol conquerors tried to impose their authority upon us." (203).

(To be Continued)

A company of recruits were taken out for hand grenade practice and real grenades were to be used for the first time. The officer gave the instructions to pull the pin, count five, and then throw. Everything was ready, and the men, with bated breath, were one-two-three-four, when suddenly one gave a yell and broke away.

Later he was found and paraded before the officer.

"Well, sir," he said, when asked for an explanation, "there was a fellow next to me who stuttered, and when he began, 'One, t-t-two, t-t-three,' I thought mother wouldn't like me to hang around."

The manager of a Glasgow hotel found "Boots" cleaning a pair of boots at a bedroom door.

"Now then, Boots," he said, "you know this isn't allowed. Take those boots downstairs to the basement."

"I can't sir," replied Boots. "There's an Aberdeen gentleman inside and he's hanging on to the laces."

One of the stories brought in by the new beer in Ontario is to the effect that a Scotsman went into a store recently and asked for some of the forty-four per cent. The proprietor at once said, "You are Scotch." The Scotsman replied that he was and enquired the reason for the statement, upon which the proprietor replied, "You have missed the point."

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